Week ending July 7 1956 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

Shadow of the Moon M. M. KAYE'S GREAT NOVEL

Are You Really Right-Handed?

ILFORD FILMS

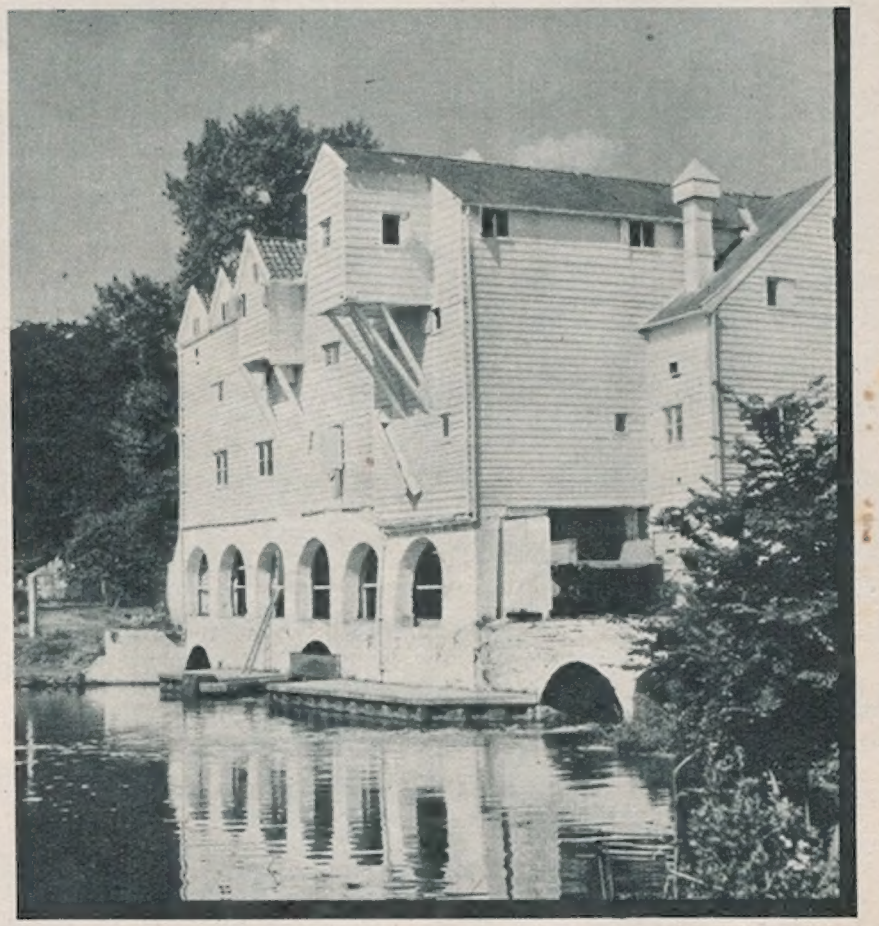
for faces and places

Always make certain of getting the best Faces and Places by using Ilford films. For taking black-and-white photographs of really superb quality, these famous films are made in all popular sizes. For making glowing colour transparencies, use Ilford 35mm. Colour Film—a 20-exposure cassette costs 21/6 including processing.

Always ask for an Ilford film—black-and-white or colour—and you'll get a good picture every time.

ILFORD COLOUR PRINTS

Once you have started taking Faces and Places on Ilford 35mm. Colour Film, you'll want to see the best of your transparencies enlarged into postcard-size Ilford Colour Prints—they cost only 10/- for four through your photographic dealer.



Horstead Mill, Norfolk

ILFORD FILMS IN BLACK-AND-WHITE IN ALL POPULAR SIZES. IN 35mm. COLOUR, TOO!

JOHN BULL

189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

TEMPLE BAR 2468 JULY 7 1956 VOLUME 100 NUMBER 2610

IN THIS ISSUE

Stories

NEW ENDEAVOUR *by Wilson MacArthur* 7
THE MAN WHO ALWAYS WON *by Arthur Gordon* 24

Articles

ARE YOU *REALLY* RIGHT-HANDED? *by Keith Ellis* 10
STORM OVER LONDON *by John Ennis* 18
TREASURES IN THE CHAOS *by Antony Ferry* 22
TV SALES TALK WITH A CAMERA *by Don Everitt* 28

Serials

SHADOW OF THE MOON (Part 2) *by M. M. Kaye* 12
WIZARDS AT WAR (Part 5) *by Gerald Pawle* 16

Features

FREE SPEECH: 4. THE COVER: 4. BOOKS: 30, 32, 38, 40, 45. MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME: 30. SPOT THE LAWBREAKER: 37. YOUR GARDEN AND MINE: 43. OPEN TO VIEW: 46.

REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Wilson MacArthur learned as a boy to be independent

At the age of fifty-three, Wilson MacArthur looks the archetype of the resourceful pioneer hero of his story "New Endeavour" (page 7). He learned to be independent when, as a boy, he sailed a yacht on his native Clyde. He travelled widely, served for six years with the Royal Navy in the second World War, and made three trips through Africa by car. "Once," he recalls, "I was stranded and lost in the Sahara for fifteen days. When rescue came I was so parched that my false teeth felt as though they were crumbling in my mouth."

In 1949 he bought twenty-four acres of land near Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia. He added architecture, bricklaying and plumbing to his fiction writing (he has written twenty-six books and about five hundred short stories), and in less than a year built a bungalow with seven main rooms and a veranda fifty feet long. He called his house Materu e Msasa—"The downward slope of the msasa trees."

Today his farm yields a rich harvest of grapefruit, oranges, lemons, limes, peaches, blue gums and cypress. "I have eucalyptus trees sixty feet high—one thousand two hundred trees to the acre. Each tree yields about thirty feet of gum pole at a shilling a foot. Rhodesia is a land of riches—if you work hard. But you cannot afford to relax."

Now in Britain on a month's honeymoon with his wife Patricia, who comes from Swaziland and once drove Sherman tanks for the South African Army, MacArthur admits that he does not have to write for a living. He does so for only one reason: he enjoys it.

When Keith Ellis, a JOHN BULL staff writer, was preparing the article on left-handedness which begins on page 10, he made a number of simple tests which scientists have devised to show which hand is really dominant. He clapped hands: his right hand struck his left, which remained still. He unscrewed a bottle-top: his right hand did the work of twisting. He swept a floor: his right hand was uppermost on the broom handle. He interlaced his fingers: his right thumb overlapped his left. Finally he folded his arms: the right arm was on top. All this showed that he is strongly right-handed.

When Ellis tested his wife Rose the result was the same. But their daughter Mary Lynne surprised them. Although, at eleven months, she is too young for sweeping or unscrewing bottle-tops, Mary Lynne claps her hands enthusiastically, and Keith Ellis realized for the first time that she was striking with her left hand, while holding her right hand still. She is a left-hander.

Both parents now take care to put her toys and spoons near her right hand, hoping that she will change over painlessly and avoid the inconveniences that beset left-handers in a right-handed world. Her father says: "She may well grow up thinking she is a right-hander, when all the time she is, by nature, left-handed."

"Here's how we replace lost energy"
says Tony Lock, famous Test cricketer, drinking Lucozade with his son Graeme
LUCOZADE
REPLACES LOST ENERGY

Nothing like Lucozade to give you more energy!

Tony Lock and his family use up a lot of energy. That's why they need the glucose in Lucozade – one of the finest sources of energy. Lucozade is most refreshing. Only Lucozade relieves tiredness so pleasantly; it relaxes tension, revives flagging spirits, gives you an appetite. And, on top of this, Lucozade can give you a new sustaining reserve of energy. Doctors and nurses use Lucozade. The weakest patients can keep Lucozade down – and so benefit by its strength-giving glucose. *Keep plenty of Lucozade handy for your family.*

LUCOZADE

the sparkling glucose drink!

DOCTORS AND NURSES USE LUCOZADE IN HOSPITALS, CLINICS AND SCHOOLS

regds 24/6

ADJUSTABLE for perfect comfort

NO DEPOSIT
YOURS FOR the 1st of 9 mthly payments of
29/-

Fully Patented

FREE Delivery in U.K.

Berkeley Nordik REG'D TRADE MARK

CASH PRICE £12:8:6

Attractive contemporary design combined with perfect comfort. With the exclusive Superlax action, the back and seat adjust themselves *automatically* as you change your position. Soft and roomy, with 'Sentic' springing, 'rubberised' hair in arms; rich Coverings in a wide variety of patterns. Cash Price Settee £18:0:0; Suite £42:17:0. Money back if returned within 7 days. Easy hire purchase terms are also available if preferred.

SEND COUPON FOR PATTERNS, *stating predominating colour required, such as Greens, Reds, Browns, Greys or Yellows, and* **FREE Illustrated Catalogue giving details of all** *Berkeley* **models.**

Obtainable only from the Sole Manufacturers

H. J. SEARLE & SON LTD.

(Dept. WF.3) 70-78 OLD KENT RD., LONDON, S.E.1
and at 133 Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.1
83-85 London Rd., Croydon; The Parade, Watford

Please send me your Catalogue of *Berkeley* Upholstery together with range of Coverings

MAIN COLOUR.....

Name.....

Address.....

..... WF.3 (7/7)

Free Speech

- Should parents be punished?
- Concession for lovers
- Fair play on the question paper

CHILDREN with a healthy but misdirected desire for adventure are always landing up in juvenile courts to receive punishments for smashing windows, trespassing and minor thefts.

But there are no bad children: only bad parents. It is we parents who should shoulder the blame for our children's misdemeanours. If necessary we should be heavily fined or sent to prison.—M. C. N., Norwich, Norfolk.

Face Value

How can faces be described as intelligent? When I saw H. G. Wells for the first time, I thought his face could easily have been a navvy's or a farmer's. Surely it is the mind that is intelligent.—S. H., Combe Hay,

"Although there are exceptions to the rule, it is generally true to say that the structure of the face, particularly the eyes, and the mobility of the mouth and jaw, reflect temperament, character and intelligence," says a doctor. "I met H. G. Wells on several occasions, and the moment he started talking he always struck me as having one of the most intelligent and lively faces."

Happy Ending

I sometimes wonder whether fairy tales, with their giants, ogres and wicked stepmothers, do not have a detrimental effect on children's lives. I am a widower with a nine-year-old daughter. Recently I was contemplating marrying again, and my daughter was clearly troubled by the thought that she was to have a stepmother.

Her fears have been dispelled now, for she has come to love her stepmother very much. But it seems

strange that the Cinderella story, her favourite, should have caused her such distress.—F. N. J., Sheffield.

Stamp Ray

John Harman writes of a special marking-ink used by some laundries which is only visible under ultra-violet rays ("Magician by Floodlight," June 9). At a race meeting in the United States some months ago, my hand was stamped "invisibly" when I paid to enter the grandstand. When I came back, I had to pass my hand under ultra-violet rays, so that the official could see his stamp. I would rather wear a badge, as on British race courses.—FRANK WOOD, London, S.W.17.

Cyclists' Paradise

It is not just their sense of social responsibility that stops Danish motorists speeding ("Free Speech," June 9): the swarms of bicycles make high speeds impossible. In Denmark everyone cycles. Last year in Copenhagen I saw babies under a year old travelling in baskets at the front of their parents' machines. From a year old until five or six, children have a seat at the back. After that, they have a bicycle of their own and ride along beside their mothers and fathers, holding their hands. There is no nonsense about not riding more than two abreast. All this would be highly dangerous if the car held the mastery in Denmark that it does in Britain.—W. V. W., Liverpool.

Above The Law

There is still a lot of truth in the old saying "All the world loves a lover." The sign in my photograph was

erected by a landowner with property on the main coast road leading out of Durban to Zululand. There are often cars parked on the site, which has glorious views of Durban's skyline and the Indian Ocean.—JAMES HILLSDON, Westminster Place, Durban North, Natal, South Africa.

Arson Claim

In Dudley Hoys's story "Flare-up at Martbank" (JOHN BULL, June 9), the hero, accused of setting fire to his derelict farmhouse to gain the insurance money, is finally vindicated, and a girl confesses that she is the culprit. It is implied that all ends happily, but would the insurance company pay out on the claim, since arson has been committed?—J. W. KEITH, Lyoncross Road, Glasgow, S.W.3.

"Arson is not a peril excluded from an insurance policy," states an insurance company. "Payment would be withheld only if the insurer himself were implicated in the crime."

Unscheduled

The parachute and cable rocket weapon adapted by the Wheezers and Dodgers ("Wizards At War," JOHN BULL, June 9) to protect merchant navy vessels attacked by enemy bombers once turned on its users.

When the collier Cormount was on an East Coast convoy, a canvas cover on her bridge was whipped up by the breeze. It fell, fouling the P.A.C. cable and firing the rockets, which rushed into the air and exploded the ship's kite balloon that was moored by a wire attached to the mast. When the balloon fell into the sea its wire looped round the ship's propeller, which acted as a winch and pulled the topmast out of the ship.—GEORGE SMITH, Wolsey Avenue, Walthamstow, London, E.17.

This week's instalment of "Wizards At War" begins on page 16.

Vital Questions

In recent weeks British schoolchildren have been taking General Certificate of Education examinations set by several different examination boards. The standard of these examinations varies greatly. This gives children in some parts of the country considerable advantage in obtaining a vital qualification. — NEVILLE HODGE, Seaward Avenue, Southbourne, Hampshire.

In England and Wales there are nine university boards which set their own G.C.E. examination papers. A school is not bound to take any individual board's examination, and can choose whichever best matches its syllabus. The Secondary School Examination Council — an advisory council to the Ministry of Education — co-ordinates the work of the examining boards and tries to ensure a uniform examination standard.

Sticky Wings

Will Addey says that budgerigars caught on fly-paper cannot be cleaned (JOHN BULL, June 9). When our young female budgerigar was stuck to a fly-paper by the wings we rubbed it with olive oil to take away the stickiness. Then we washed off the oil with lukewarm water and soap. We wrapped the bird up warmly until the feathers dried, and gave it a spot of brandy. It recovered and is now fine and healthy, though its feathers remained dirty till it moulted.—JOSEPHINE WRAGG, Wheatley Lane, Winshill, Burton-on-Trent, Staffordshire.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

WHAT a painful way to learn that wives always win! "Let's have TV," he said months ago, thinking of the Test matches. "You can do without a fridge for one more year." And now it's deuce again on the Centre Court and the women's singles seem likely to last until that hungry homecomer kicks in the screen. A clear-cut victory for Laurent's cover cook. As she said at the time, a refrigerator would have been a far wiser investment. . . . Yes, by the look of that kitchen cauldron, TV's domestic revolution is really boiling over in this happy home.

Stork Wives Club

ORGANISED BY THE STORK MARGARINE COOKERY SERVICE

* * *

9 GREAT SUFFOLK STREET, LONDON, S.E.1.

Have you joined yet?

Thousands of women must have been interested in our last Stork Wives Club page, because we've had so many applications for membership. If you haven't already joined, I want to remind you what a good shillingsworth you get! You have at your disposal all the experts in our Stork Margarine Cookery Service. You get booklets and leaflets from us every few months. You can enter for any Stork Wives Club competitions (there's one on this page), if you're a member. And with your card of membership you will be sent a booklet, a permanent holder for future Stork publications, and, if you wish, you will receive the "Art of Home Cooking", the 100-page Stork Cookery Book.

So if we haven't heard from you already, do write and join, and when you see future Stork Wives Club pages in this magazine you'll be able to take part in all the activities. I'm your Club Secretary, and any queries about membership or about cookery and catering will be taken to the appropriate expert and answered by a letter from me!

Yours sincerely,

Margery Appleton.

VAN DEN BERGHS & JURGENS LTD., LONDON, E.C.4

Which wife are you?

THIS SPECIAL FEATURE will appear in every Stork Wives Club page in future. You see, we believe that *you* fit into one of these three groups: the wife who's out all day and wants to prepare quick meals for herself and her husband; the wife who's looking after small children all day and wants to give them nourishing, tempting mid-day meals; or the wife who says goodbye to her family in the morning and has a bit more time to prepare the evening meal for the whole family. There's something for all of you on this page—read on!

For the wife with a family to please every evening:—

Delicious Summer Flan

Sieve together 4 oz. flour and a pinch of salt. Rub in 2 oz. Stork Margarine. Mix with 1 tablespoon of water. Form into ball. Roll out thinly, line a 7-inch flan ring placed on a baking sheet (or a 7-inch sandwich tin). Trim edges, fill with beans or crusts placed on round of greaseproof paper. Bake 10 minutes in fairly hot oven (Regulo 6 or 400° F.) on second shelf from top. Remove paper and beans, return to oven, bake for 20-25 minutes longer. When cool, arrange rings of fresh fruit in the flan and make up half a packet of lemon jelly, pouring this over the fruit just as the jelly is setting. This is a really beautiful sweet and such an attractive way to make the best of summer fruits!

For the wife with small children:—

Children's Cheesy Cauliflower

(WITH EGGS)

Allowing an egg for each person, boil these for ten minutes, put in cold water, then shell. Cook a medium-sized cauliflower in boiling salted water for 15-20 minutes, drain, divide into flowerets and place in a flat casserole brushed with melted Stork. Cut the eggs in halves and arrange on top, seasoning lightly. Melt half an ounce of Stork in a saucepan, add half an ounce of flour and stir until it bubbles. Add ¼ pint of milk and stir until boiling, cook for three minutes, stirring continuously, then stir in 2 or 3 ounces of grated cheese, season to taste, pour over the casserole. Sprinkle with a little more grated cheese and brown under a moderate grill for 5-10 minutes.

For the wife who's out all day:—

How fast can you fill a flan?

This is not a tongue-twister—just a good idea for busy wives. Make two or three flan cases at the week-end. (Follow the recipe above.) When they're cool put them in an airtight tin and use them from time to time during the week. The recipe we show here is for various salad vegetables arranged on top of the following very savoury filling: Cream together 1 tin of sardines with 2 oz. Stork Margarine, 3-4 teaspoons vinegar, salt and pepper. Fill the bottom of the flan case. Then arrange your salad on top. Easy? Quick? And it's just as delicious with tinned salmon, tuna or pilchards.

This savoury flan is delicious served with salad dressing, using either oil and vinegar or mayonnaise.

PICNIC HINTS

Here are some useful tips now that picnic time is coming along!

If you haven't time to prepare sandwiches before you leave take a cut loaf with you. And pack the Stork in a plastic box, which will help you to keep it cool!

As well as sandwiches on your picnic, try little meat pies for a change. Make them in patty tins, and take a couple for each person.

If you take hot soup in a vacuum flask, make sure you sieve it first so that it is easy to drink out of cups.

Make a list of things you're going to need, and check off as you pack your picnic basket—this way you won't forget anything.

Use paper plates—they're safer to carry and take up less room—no washing-up, either!

Make individual jellies or blancmanges in little screw-top jars to add a luxury touch to your picnic.

Don't abandon your old vacuum flask because the cork has been lost or broken or has shrunk. Nowadays you can buy new screw corks, that fit any size flask, at hardware stores or chemists.

Remove the skins from tomatoes before you use them in sandwiches. Do this by pouring boiling water over them; then leave for a minute, drain and peel. Let the tomatoes become cold and firm again before slicing.

Take mustard on your picnic—buy it in a tube which packs easily and keeps it fresh.

JSC 481-1345

Do you pack a lunch-box? Perhaps you can win £25!

Here's a competition that's easy to enter. Write on a postcard a list of items for inclusion in a grown-up's everyday lunch-box. The judges will be looking for the entry which combines nourishment, variety and economy. Most housewives are busy people and so ease of preparation will count too. Remember, not too stodgy, not too brittle (no-one wants a lunch that arrives in little pieces!).

Each entry must include Stork, of course, as one of the ingredients—what nice recipes don't! All entries on a postcard please!

Send your entry in, giving your membership number, to Stork Wives Club, Dept. B 9, 9 Great Suffolk Street, London, S.E.1, not later than 28th July, 1956. (If you aren't a member yet, and want to be one, you can send in the membership form below and qualify.)

The judges will award the £25 prize to the sender of the best entry. There will be a second prize of £10 and a third prize of £5. In addition there will be an Ideal Imitation-Cream Making Machine for each of the 20 runners-up.

MEMBERSHIP FORM

To Stork Wives Club (Dept. B 9), 9 Great Suffolk Street, London, S.E.1

I want to become a member of the Stork Wives Club. I enclose 1/- Postal Order to cover cost of registration as a Member, and to help towards postage and packing. (Postal Orders should be made payable to Van den Berghs Ltd., and crossed "*& Co.*")

I would like a copy of the "Art of Home Cooking" (100-page Cookery Book).

(*If you already have this book, please cross out the above.*)

NAME .....

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

ADDRESS .....

..... Postal Order No. .....

You're right on the button – with COOPER'S

AGAINST FLIES

When you're invaded by flies, wasps or mosquitoes, don't retreat —press forward with Cooper's Household Aerosol! In next to no time the enemy will be down and dying—because Cooper's Household Aerosol is formulated with 'Pybuthrin', the safe, super-efficient insecticide containing African pyrethrum synergised with piperonyl butoxide. It's non-poisonous—you can even spray it in the larder—and non-inflammable too. A little goes a very long way—try it!

Price **5/6, 10/6.**

Tested by ★ 320 BRITISH GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE GUARANTEES

AGAINST ODOURS

FRESH-aire

This Cooper air-freshener is a 'must' in every home! A puff's enough to end smells of cooking, stale smoke and other unwanted odours *instantly* when you press the button.

Price **5/3.**

AGAINST MOTHS

MOTH-aire

Here's a mothproofer that really kills moths *and* their grubs! One spraying with lavender-perfumed MOTH-aire gives up to 12 MONTHS' protection for your stored clothes and furnishings. Prove it for yourself!

Price **5/6, 9/6.**

No fuss! No mess! Just press!

COOPER, McDOUGALL & ROBERTSON LTD · BERKHAMSTED · HERTS · EST'D 1843

6/HC/6

Tackle it together-next weekend

Modernize your bathroom *with* MARLEY wall tiles *and* MARLEY floor tiles

Marley Wall Tiles are the new hygienic wall finish for easy cleaning and enduring charm. Like Marley Homelay Floor Tiles they are simple to fix and will never need renewing.

Do it yourselves and add to the beauty—and the value—of your home.

In the shops now—or for nearest stockist write to

Dept. 26, Marley Floorings Limited, Lenham, Kent.

NEW ENDEAVOUR

by WILSON MacARTHUR

ILLUSTRATED BY NIVEN

For fifty years they had carved happiness out of this savage land. Now they were rich. How could pioneers spend a fortune?

A PLOUGH disc bolted to a fencing standard indicated the road to Isilingo and bore the simple surname: GREY; but you had to drive four miles over a rough dirt road to reach the house, and you felt, inevitably, that now you were in the *bundu*, the real Rhodesia.

You expected the house to be at least old and dilapidated; in fact it had an air of vigour, a reminder of the young endeavour and gallant optimism that had carved a homestead and a farm out of a remote and savage wilderness just fifty years ago.

The Greys matched their house. Certainly Jessie carried her shoulders a little hunched, her head a little on one side; but the silver hair, cropped close and brushed back in waves from a smooth forehead, was abundant still, and the wrinkled parchment skin could not disguise the essential beauty of her features or dim the lustre of the eager, inquisitive and startlingly clear blue eyes.

As for John, striding up from the lands with a loose-limbed resilient step, he would meet you with a beaming smile and an outstretched hand which, if it had the dry and bony brittleness of age, nevertheless clasped yours firmly; and the grey eyes shone with a youthful verve and an unquenchable delight in the little surprises of every day.

At seventy-two his skin was leathery and deeply seamed from half a century of the desiccating aridity of Rhodesian sun and wind; but his movements were brisk and precise, and his face had a remarkable intensity that seemed to keep the features sharply limned in spite of the wear and tear of time.

They had lived buried in the *bundu*. They should long ago have burned themselves out, worn down with work and

"Hullo, father!" said Henry. "Stella came with me." Elegantly she got out of the car. For once there was satisfaction in her eyes

all the anxieties and heartbreaks of pioneering in a savage land. Yet the tender gallantry of John Grey's manner towards his wife, her affectionate response to every word or look or gesture, preserved the essentials of their origin just as they themselves lovingly preserved the few family treasures, silverware and other heirlooms that had accompanied them on their youthful adventure.

But most of all they had preserved a zest for life that the years had not been able to quench.

On the most momentous day Isilingo had known for a decade, a day in spring when the *msasa* trees glowed in the scarlet and bronze of their fine new foliage, Jessie Grey, pleasurably excited by the arrival of the boy with the post-bag, came on to the long stoep and stopped dead at the sight of her husband.

John Grey was rushing at her, flourishing a letter, his eyes blazing, his chin quivering and, for once, his voice stuttering uncontrollably. "Jessie! L—look at this! . . . I can't believe . . . it's . . . it's stupendous!"

He seized her in his arms and whirled her round and kissed her and staggered with her to a settee and collapsed upon it, both of them fairly gasping for breath and Jessie's head spinning.

"Will you look at this, woman? We're rich. D'ye hear me—rich!"

She captured the letter from his quivering hand. Her eyes swam. Her fingers began trembling so violently that she could not read.

"Oh, John!" she breathed. "Is it true? Really true?"

"Of course it's true," he shouted. "This syndicate—what's it call itself? Never mind. They plan to develop Isilingo as a tourist centre and they offer. . . ." He gulped. The words exploded: "Thirty-one thousand pounds! Ten pounds an acre!"

Jessie's eyes stared, and her breath stopped. A hand fluttered to her heart. "Oh, John! Why, last year when we talked of selling, we thought we'd be lucky to get two pounds an acre. We said we'd take thirty shillings."

She crumpled up and tears poured down her cheeks and she was suddenly clasped in firm arms and a shaking hand was stroking her hair. But that did not last. A long moment of stunned incredulity and then—belief, and a surge of joy.

John spoke at length, soberly. He said: "We've worked hard all our lives to create Isilingo, to make a home for our children, to bring 'em up, educate 'em, launch 'em well. And now, through no effort of ours, Isilingo's worth all that money.

"It doesn't make sense, Jessie. It's this modern Rhodesia—big business. Damn it, we used to be a nation of farmers and small workers growing mealies and tobacco, fossicking for gold. Now it's all huge corporations, skyscrapers, smart alecks and city slickers. Not our Rhodesia at all. We're backvelders. We're obsolete.

"But they're willing to pay and—damn it, girl, we're—what's the confounded phrase? We're in the money."

JESSIE was on fire too now, bewildered still but already beginning to race ahead of him. She said excitedly: "We could go anywhere. Europe, America. The—the South Sea Islands. Oh, John . . . we could go back to Britain."

They had come from Britain, she seventeen, he twenty-two, ardent, full of hope, and in love. They had never gone back. They had talked often of home; but Isilingo and the children had absorbed their minds, their money.

Now Jessie's eyes clouded. She said: "No, John. I don't think I could go back. It would be all so strange. All the people we knew. . . ."

Her face became vivacious again. "You remember, John? We came up here by ox wagon. You said it was damn silly going pioneering in a railway train—the line hadn't been open long. You said we'd go by ox wagon. And we did. Remember, John? I loved it. The long days trekking. And the nights. The camp fires, the boys singing, wild beasts all round——"

He chuckled. "You were scared to death."

"Of course I was, John. And I loved it. I loved being scared. I knew no matter what danger threatened you'd be there, to keep me safe. And you have, John. All those years. And happy. I've had a wonderfully happy life."

She smiled fondly. "I'll be sorry to leave Isilingo, but I knew we'd have to go one day. With all this development it's not like the old days. It's not our Rhodesia any more."

There had been harbingers of change; for instance, picnic parties in smart cars, trespassing on Isilingo without the formality of a call at the homestead where, had they only known it, they would have found a friendly welcome and the warm hospitality of the old Rhodesia. This was symptomatic of changed times, and John and Jessie understood.

Jessie looked out over the lands and her eyes brimmed with tears; tears perhaps of regret that this wonderful good fortune should have come to them at so very nearly the end of their long life together.

John noticed the tears and said quickly, to brighten her: "Just wait till the children hear about this."

AT once he regretted the words, for his eyes and Jessie's met, and held for a long moment, and both pairs of eyes were suddenly clouded. But then Jessie was smiling again.

"We could buy a new car and just wander about," she said. "We could go on a world cruise. There are all sorts of things we could do, John."

He let her talk on; for she had always done the talking, throwing out ideas at random while he listened, alert to pick up anything that might be turned to practical account; and, as she always recognized her own ideas in what he carried out, she was always able to feel proudly pleased with herself.

He smiled at her fondly, thinking how happy they had been, their happiness bound up with the wide horizons, the peace, the age-old satisfaction of the veld. Very, very happy. Far happier, for instance, than either Maud or Henry.

Maud and Henry. Why had those two missed that—that zest for life, that pleasure in every day? Why were they so different, those children of theirs? Dull, both of them; dull and, damn it, elderly!

But then they belonged to the new Rhodesia, the Rhodesia of the cities, of the cares of big business, not the Rhodesia of veld and bushveld, of ox wagons and thatched *rondavels*.

He went, without any enthusiasm at all, to write letters apprising his two children of the good fortune that had befallen him in his old age.

Henry was the first to respond. This was because Henry was a man of decision and also because he owned a powerful American car and was used to driving at high speeds on all roads. He had a dominant air subdued by a strong sense of decorum and of the importance of his executive position in one of Rhodesia's newest and largest enterprises.

Over the years he had acquired that freshly scrubbed and polished look, that bland, suave, assured manner that are essentially set off by a smartly cut dark suit, a white shirt whose elegant cuffs draw unobtrusive attention to well-manicured hands.

His whole appearance carefully but pointedly denied that Rhodesia was a young, still somewhat raw and free-and-easy country inconveniently situated in the tropics.

When the large car drew up at the stoep John was already striding to greet his son, wearing as always old and shapeless khaki slacks, a bush shirt and an aggressively ancient, broad-brimmed hat.

"Hullo, Henry!" he called cheerfully. "You got here before Maud. I thought you would."

"Hullo, Father! Glad to see you looking so fit. Stella came with me."

Henry held the door for his wife, whose elegance emerged into the blazing sunshine only after the dust of arrival had had time to settle.

She was a tall, striking-looking woman with a polish to match her husband's and a manner, as her father-in-law once remarked, that gushed charm at the turn of a tap.

For a few minutes all was animation and affection, although the sharp and critical light in Stella's eyes was merely overlaid for the moment by satisfaction at the thought that, after all, the old people weren't going to be the burden on Henry that she had always feared.

Henry was genuinely glad to see his parents, delighted at their good fortune, but after a discreet interval he broached the reason for this visit.

"Well, Father," he said. "I got your letter. And I must say I was tremendously pleased."

"Such wonderful news," Stella breathed approvingly.

John chuckled. "I was fairly flabbergasted."

Jessie made a gleeful noise. "He came running to me just like a boy, I've never seen him so excited."

Henry smiled indulgently. For a moment his eyes softened, then he put sentimentality aside. "Have you thought what you'll do with the money?" he asked.

Jessie, taking it upon herself to produce the ideas, launched forth, her bright eyes surveying her son and his wife with affectionate gratitude for their interest, while John watched and listened, not failing to note the swift glances exchanged by the younger couple.

"Lots of things we might do," he put in as Jessie paused for breath.

"But we won't rush into anything," Jessie went on happily.

Henry spoke firmly. He said: "Well, as you know, I've had quite a bit of experience in

handling large sums and my advice is to invest it—all of it—in really sound investments."

"Invest it *all*, Henry?" Jessie sounded dismayed. "Not keep back even a little to—just spend? To celebrate——"

"Not a penny! You'll be quite rich, you know," Henry added kindly. "I think personally that a small house in Salisbury, perhaps even a modern flat——"

"Not in Salisbury, Henry!" Stella put in with gentle warning. "Really they ought to get down to sea level, you know. Somewhere in the Cape."

Jessie was positive. She said: "I don't want to live at the Cape."

"Oh, well, we can think about that later on."

Henry waved a confident hand. "So that's settled, Father? I'll make inquiries. Don't you worry. I'll arrange everything. And now let's forget we're visiting our rich relations and enjoy ourselves. Come and show me what you've been up to recently, Father."

For a while Henry, reflecting that he could arrange his parents' future in due course, relaxed comfortably. And Stella chatted to Mother, giving her a little affectionate pat now and then and whispering conspiratorial suggestions about the comforts and the pleasant things Mother could have now, with an assured income and the capital safely tucked away. And Jessie felt very proud because Stella was so nice, and so natural and unassuming with all her smart looks and her wonderful clothes. And everybody was happy.

The Henry Greys left next morning. "Wonderful chap, Henry!" John remarked with a smile. "Can't think where he gets his flair for high finance."

He was proud of Henry, proud of what Rhodesia was growing into, even if he could not like it or have any intention of trying to acclimatize himself to it.

Jessie smiled back. "And I do think he chose wisely after all," she said generously. "I was

Continued on page 30

"But surely you want to spend a little of the money," Maud protested. "Buy something special . . . have a nice holiday"

Are you *really* right-handed?

by KEITH ELLIS

Millions are writing with their left hands. And Margaret Clark discovers that millions more would prefer to—without knowing it

IN 1951, a pretty young schoolteacher called Margaret Clark visited eight Glasgow primary schools and asked children in the classes which take the eleven-plus examination to play games for her. She wanted to know if they could throw balls into a small wooden box or kick them between two chairs which stood like goalposts.

She next handed them a metal tube. What colours could they see when they held it up to their eye? And how much of the piece of poetry they had just learned in class could they write in a given time?

Eager to show off, the children did not realize that the "games" were an elaborate subterfuge. "All I wanted to know," said Miss Clark, "was which hand, foot or eye they used."

Among other things, she discovered that slightly more than one in twenty children wrote with their left hand, and those who did also preferred their left foot. Surprisingly, more than one in three preferred their left eye, and of these a fair proportion used their right hand for writing.

Most important, however, she confirmed what she had all along suspected: the mere fact that a person writes with his right hand does not necessarily mean that he is naturally right-handed.

The way they performed other actions such as counting beads and unscrewing bottle-tops showed that the right-handed writers included the strongly right-handed, the not-so-strongly right-handed, the ambidextrous and often the not-so-strongly left-handed. Usually, it was only the strongly left-handed who wrote with their left.

Now a Doctor of Philosophy and Research Officer of the National Foundation for Educational Research, Margaret Clark says: "Normally, you never get a clear picture of left-handedness because it never gets a free play. Society exerts a tremendous pressure in favour of the right hand. Many left-handers, especially the less strong, change over."

In Great Britain today, between two-and-a-half and five million people are predominantly left-handed. Nowadays, schools rarely insist on left-handers changing over, so the number is increasing. Millions more regularly use their left hands for certain activities—the late King George VI for tennis, Denis Compton for bowling, Sir Winston Churchill for emphasizing a point while speaking—and experts believe that such people are natural left-handers who have been changed over. Perhaps because they put up a stronger resistance to social pressure, more than twice as many men as women are left-handed.

Many people, though right-handed, regularly use their left hands for certain activities. Denis Compton bowling, Sir Winston Churchill making his point during a speech, and the late King George VI playing tennis are notable examples

Only the left-hander realizes it, but almost every object that cannot be held by either hand is designed specifically for right-handers. Scissors, fish-slicers, mechanical tin-openers are all for right-handers. So are door knobs, bus steps and gramophone handles. The left-handed fitter has to struggle with a right-hander's lathe; the left-handed draughtsman with a right-hander's set-square; the left-handed tailor with right-hander's cutting shears.

The left-hander's trouble starts in school. Even if he is allowed to write with his left hand, he finds the inkwell on the right of his desk so that he has to carry the ink-loaded pen across the paper with the increased danger of smudges.

As he writes from left to right, his elbow digs awkwardly into his side. His push and pull movements cause the fine school nib—entirely suitable for right-handers—to jag the paper. His hand, lying not over blank paper but over newly written letters, causes more smudging. Nor is it easy for him to see what he has written.

Dr. Clark, incidentally, suggests that the Arabs, who are predominantly right-handed, are not troubled by their right-to-left script because it has more breaks between the letters.

HERSELF a strong left-hander, Dr. Clark has been handicapped in small ways throughout her life. "I felt terribly awkward playing hockey," she says. "You can't hold the stick left-handed because it has one rounded side and one flat and it would be impossible to tackle."

Instead of sympathizing with left-handers, society barely conceals its hostility. All the words derived from the word right and its French and Latin equivalents (*droit* and *dexter*) suggest virtue, accuracy and honour. Such are righteousness, upright, adroit and dexterous.

But all the words to do with left, including the French *gauche* and the Latin *sinister*, suggest awkwardness, evil and ambiguity. A left-handed compliment is a form of insult; a bar sinister the heraldic sign of bastardy. The Bible contains eighty references to the right hand, all approving. Of the twenty references to the left hand, all but one are disapproving.

It is not surprising that left-handers are in a minority. What is surprising is that there are any left-handers at all. In small numbers, they have existed in all countries and at all times. Scientists have claimed that some weapons used by Stone Age men 100,000 years ago show signs of having been used by left-handers.

The problem of handedness has baffled generations of scientists. It seems reasonable to suppose that primitive men found it both easier

and more convenient to develop a skill for hunting, fighting or cave-painting in one hand than in both. But why did most choose the right hand?

Doctors once believed that the human body had a better blood supply on the right, that the body's centre of gravity was on the right, or that when the chest expanded the muscles on the right worked more efficiently. Unfortunately, they were never able to show that in left-handers the converse is true.

More ingenious was Thomas Carlyle's primitive warfare theory which held that ancient warriors wielded their sword in their right hand while their left held a shield to protect the heart. In this way the right hand became the active one. But primitive man spent so little of his time actively fighting that the primitive warfare theory would not apply. Modern scientists reject it as sheer nonsense.

It has long been known that left-handedness runs in families. Twins tend to occur in the same families and left-handedness is twice as common in twins as in the general population. In twins born from a single ovum, left-handedness is four times as common again.

Sir Russell Brain, the neurologist, believes that left-handers are of two kinds: those who inherited the tendency or were the mirror-image of a right-handed twin, and those who became left-handed after an injury to the brain prevented them using their right hands.

The first kind are the equals of the right-handers in every way. The second kind live under the double handicap of the brain injury and the necessity of using what is for them the naturally less skilful hand. This, he believes, accounts for the high proportion of left-handers among the mentally sick and the tradition that left-handed children are backward at school.

The connection between handedness and speech has long been universally recognized but little understood. Doctors know that the right side of the brain controls the left side of the body and vice versa. They have also long known that, in right-handed people, speech control is centred in the left side of the brain and that an injury to the left side of the brain will affect the right-hander's speech. But the converse is not always true.

Another sign of the connection is that a quarter to a half of the left-handers who change over have a tendency to stutter. Some experts say that they are not really left-handed but ambidextrous, and that the dominance of one side of the brain is not properly established. Others are of the opinion that the trouble mainly occurs in people who are left-handed but right-eyed and vice versa.

Sir Russell Brain found that about half of all stutterers were ambidextrous and a similar proportion had relatives who were left-handed and relatives who stuttered.

Dr. Clark believes that changed left-handers will stutter only if they have an inherent tendency, and then only if there is emotional conflict. "The old-fashioned method of tying the left hand out of reach or of hitting it every time the child attempts to use it is extremely dangerous," she says. "So is the kind of 'encouragement' which implies to the child that he is inferior to the people who use their right hands."

Dr. Margaret Clark, herself a left-hander, with twin sisters, one of whom writes with the left hand. Left-handedness is twice as common in twins as in the general population

DESPITE the dangers, however, most authorities agree that an attempt should be made to change over a child who shows left-handed tendencies. Otherwise, he goes through life suffering not only mechanical difficulties but the constant feeling of being different from other people. Since most children establish a preference before they are two years of age, the change should be made as early as possible by placing toys and spoons near the right hand. But if the child resists or shows a tendency to stutter the attempt should be abandoned.

By school age, a preference for one hand or the other should have been established. Few schools are now so unenlightened as to force confirmed left-handers to write with their right. Many, however, do not understand that left-handed writing demands a different technique and different implements.

According to Dr. Clark, the paper should be placed slightly to the left of the child and at an angle, so that the top left-hand corner is higher than the right. The nib should be broad and flexible, the inkwell on the left-hand side of the desk. The child should hold his pen about an inch or an inch and a half above the point so that he does not smudge his work and can also see what he is writing.

When he grows up, he will find that his handicap is less irksome. Manufacturers are already trying to ease his lot by marketing such things as left-handed potato peelers and left-handed sports equipment. Objects in common use which were once militantly for right-handers can be used ambidextrously: the telephone is one.

In some things, the left-hander has an advantage. The gear lever of most motor-cars is on the driver's left, not his right. The handle of a sewing machine is on the right, leaving the left hand free to do the more difficult task of guiding the material. On a typewriter, the letters in most common use are on the left side of the keyboard.

Left-handedness may even help a man in his career. Cricket teams like to include at least one left-hander for his value as a nuisance to opponents. A window cleaner recently advertised for a left-handed assistant. "We do a lot of work on large buildings," he said, "and it takes a left-hander to clean some windows in awkward corners."

Dr. Clark is in the happiest position of all. "I'm not at all sorry I'm a left-hander," she says. "After all, it's given me my stock-in-trade." THE END

Shadow of the moon

by M. M. KAYE

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

Lunjore was doomed . . . and these brave, stupid people refused to escape. Alex had to persuade them to go

This was a desperate situation, but

It was India in the year 1856—the year before the Indian Mutiny. In the Residency of the Commissioner of Lunjore, a man and a beautiful girl faced each other tensely, their faces pale with shock. Then the man asked harshly: "Did you marry him?"

"Yes." The word was barely a breath.

Captain Alex Randall, the commissioner's A.D.C., stared at the girl for a moment longer. Then he turned abruptly away. . . .

The girl, Winter de Ballesteros, had become engaged to the commissioner, Conway Barton, five years earlier when she was still a child. It was a marriage of convenience—convenience to Barton. A drunkard and a degenerate, he coveted the de Ballesteros's Indian estates. Alex Randall, escorting Winter out from England, had tried to warn her of what Barton had become. . . . Now he saw that his warning had been in vain.

In the months following their meeting, Alex and Winter saw little of each other. His work was mainly political. He knew that a nation-wide mutiny was in the wind. But his superiors laughed at his fears.

And so 1856 passed into the fatal year of 1857—and in early May Winter received a letter from her Indian cousin, Ameera, telling her that the "auspicious day" was set. Ameera begged her to leave the country.

But already it was too late. The mutiny broke out before the appointed day—with the men of the 3rd Light Cavalry turning on their officers in Meerut, then sweeping on to Delhi. . . . The massacre had started.

A messenger on a lathered horse brought the news to Lunjore, and a hurriedly convened conference of a dozen appalled men met round the commissioner's dining-room table. . . .

PART TWO

The Fires Start In Lunjore

At that conference in the Residency dining-room, Alex spoke of the plotting among sepoys in the cantonments. He urged the supreme measure of disarming the regiments, and the suggestion was treated as an outrage.

"If I should ever be ordered by the general to insult my men in such a manner," declared Colonel Gardener-Smith roundly, "he would first have to disarm me; and after me, every one of my officers."

"Your suggestion, Captain Randall," said Colonel Moulson, "is not only beneath contempt, but one which it is not your place to advance."

"I fear I must agree with that," said Colonel Packer coldly.

Alex gave a faint shrug of his shoulders. "I am sorry, sir. Then may I suggest that we send the women and children to Naini Tal immediately? Today if possible. There may still be time."

There was an immediate outburst of protest. If the country was aroused, travelling would be dangerous and difficult. The women were safer where they were. An adequate escort could not be spared. To send them to the hills now was to run too great a risk.

"To leave it until it is too late will be a greater one," said Alex. "The mutinies at Meerut and Delhi were premature. I am sure of it. As I have already told you, I have reason to believe that a date for a general outbreak has been set for the end of this month, and that belief is not only supported by information, but confirmed by the behaviour of the city. There is still time to send the women to safety."

"We cannot do it," said Colonel Gardener-Smith heavily. "It is too late."

"It is *not* too late," said Alex passionately. "At least there is a chance."

"Perhaps. But it is a chance that we cannot take. At this stage it is surely a matter of vital importance not to show any sign of panic. You must see that."

"I doubt it," said Colonel Moulson with a sneer. "It is a thing that Captain Randall has never been able to see. And I agree with you, Colonel. It is of course out of the question for any of the women to leave. Their departure at this juncture would be taken as a clear sign that we had lost our nerve, and I am sure that I speak for the majority when I say that this is far from being the case."

"I agree. I entirely agree," said Colonel Packer. "To show panic may precipitate the very crisis we seek to avoid. We must place our trust in the Lord. His rod and His staff shall not fail us."

"Possibly not, sir," said Alex dryly. "But will the sepoys?

"Are we to take it that the sight of our women and children being sent to safety will unsettle the regiments to the extent of driving them to mutiny? I understood that you believed them to be loyal."

"The loyalty of my regiment," said Colonel Gardener-Smith quietly, "has never yet been called into question, and to send my wife and daughter away—to speak only for myself—would amount to a public declaration that I had lost confidence in *their* loyalty. That will not do.

"At this time it is doubly necessary not only to show confidence, but to avoid any action that can be construed as alarm."

"Which means," said Alex, "that no precautionary measures whatever can be taken, for fear that any change in the present routine may be translated as panic."

"You exaggerate, Captain Randall," said Colonel Gardener-Smith coldly. "Reasonable precautions will of course be taken."

"Will you name one, sir?" demanded Alex tersely.

There was a sudden silence about the table. It was broken by Colonel Packer, who remarked pontifically that those who put their trust in the Lord needed no other armour.

"Nonsense!" snapped Colonel Gardener-Smith. "The Lord helps those who help themselves, Packer. But at the present juncture I believe that all that is necessary is to remain calm. There must be no appearance of alarm or any alteration of our normal practices that might be likely to call forth comment and arouse uneasiness; for which reason I myself am against

the officers ignored Alex's warnings of disaster. Angrily, Colonel Moulson faced him. "You are impertinent, Captain Randall," he shouted

sending the women and children away. What do you say, Barton?"

"Qui' ri'," said Mr. Barton. "Mush keep calm. 'Ssential to keep calm. Where's the brandy?"

Alex came to his feet and leaned on the table, his hands gripping the edge. "May I *beg* you to reconsider, sir? I am well aware that it will give rise to panic if we send them away. Good God, I am not entirely——"

He controlled himself with an effort and continued more quietly. "But I feel that it should be possible to explain to the regiments, through the medium of the Indian officers, that the women and children were being sent away only because the services of every officer and every sepoy may be needed for action, and not for being kept hamstrung in cantonments protecting a parcel of women. . . ."

"I reshent that!" said the commissioner with dignity. "Wha' d'yer mean, 'parcel o' women'? Sweet creatures! Privilege to protect 'em."

Alex ignored the interruption. "I beg of you to send them away while there is still time. There are a hundred chances that we would all cheerfully take without them, yet would hesitate to take while we have their safety to consider."

He looked about the table at the circle of grim faces and saw hesitation and doubt, and for a moment he was hopeful.

Then Colonel Moulson spoke: "My dear Captain Randall," he drawled. "You allow your fears to run away with you. It is my opinion that the news from Delhi will be found to be greatly exaggerated. And in any case the Meerut Brigade will have moved by now and Delhi has almost certainly been recaptured.

"Even if it were not so, I would like to point out that we have three infantry regiments here as well as half a regiment of military police. And if we had only one—my own—I would still engage to keep the city in order and protect double the number of women and children without the smallest difficulty. The rabble are notoriously chicken-hearted and a dose of grape will be quite enough to cool their tempers.

"I advocated such a course only yesterday, but I understand that it was you who preferred the more cautious method of putting the city out of bounds. A pity. Now I should have marched my men through the streets and shot down every black bastard who raised his voice. That would have ended any nonsense quickly enough."

"Hear-hear!" interjected Major Mottisham.

"You must really not expect us," concluded Colonel Moulson, "to make a public exhibition of ourselves by ordering a panic-stricken exodus of all the women and children just because you yourself feel nervous."

Alex said softly: "I can only say, sir, that in the event of my timorous fears proving justified, I hope that you will obtain some comfort from the realization that you will have sacrificed the lives of these women, and jeopardized the safety of the company's possessions, in order to demonstrate a confidence in the fidelity of your sepoys which you do not wholly possess."

Colonel Moulson's face was suddenly scarlet with rage and he half rose from his chair. "You are impertinent, Captain Randall. Must I remind you that you are a junior officer—and can be disciplined?"

"Because I speak the truth, sir?" Alex's precarious hold on his temper had departed and his voice was raw-edged with a rage that matched Colonel Moulson's. "You all have your doubts. Every one of you! But not one of you will admit it.

"You will not even institute a few inquiries because to do so would be tantamount to an admission that disloyalty among your men might be possible, and so you prefer to shut your eyes rather than cast what you consider to be a slur on the good name of your regiments. All very

Steam won't harm this paint, Ma'am!

SAYS MASTER DECORATOR. *Harry White*

. . . choose any colour!

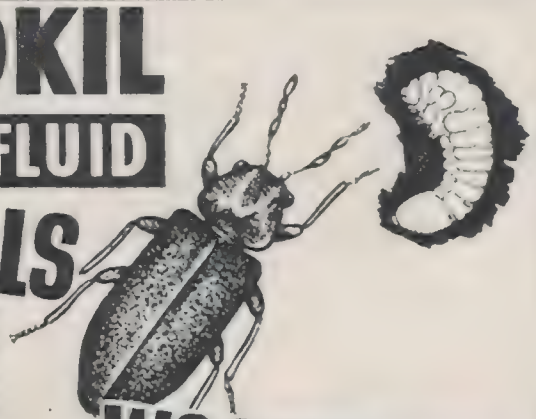
In choosing paint for the kitchen you must have a paint that will resist steam, condensation, grease and hard wear, and impart a china-like surface that can be washed to restore its beauty. Robbialac Colorizer Super Gloss Enamel will do all this and, what is more, it is so easy to apply that you can be sure of a surface free from ugly brush marks. It is available in hundreds of delightful colours which your Decorator or Colorizer Dealer will gladly show you.

ROBBIALAC

Colorizer TRADE MARK

Super Gloss Enamel Ideal for Kitchens & Bathrooms

RENTOKIL TIMBER FLUID KILLS WOODWORM



Examine furniture and woodwork for small holes and piles of dust which indicate active woodworm. Apply RENTOKIL TIMBER FLUID by injector and brush to kill ALL woodworm and protect against further attack. Obtainable from stockists everywhere 4 oz. to 5 gal. Rentopails. Handy Home Outfit: 16 oz. R.T.F. injector and 4 oz. Rentokil INSECTICIDAL Furniture Cream only 10/6. *Free technical advice and identification of specimens.*

RENTOKIL WOODWORM & DRY ROT CENTRE (JB)
23 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1 · Telephone: LANgham 5455

the bristles won't come out!

When you've got the time to do some painting, have you got the brushes? Get some now and keep them handy. Ask your retailer to show you the three grades of Harris brush The *Junior* with its red-tipped handle is good—1" at 2/6 to 3" at 9/6. The *Standard* with its brown-tipped handle is better—1" at 2/- to 3" at 14/6. The *Super* with its clear cellulose handle is best—1" at 4/6 to 3" at 28/-

Harris

the paint brush with a name to its handle

L. G. HARRIS & CO. LTD., STOKE PRIOR, WORCESTERSHIRE

CHC49

Whitbread you want, Sir, and Whitbread you shall have

It will be a pleasure to send it to you. It's some years now since I decided to make Whitbread my leading line and I've never had cause to regret it. Practically all my regular customers order it, and I can't remember when I had a complaint! That's the kind of trade that's worth having.

WHITBREAD

the superb Pale Ale

laudable. But in the present crisis, you will give me leave to say that it is hardly practical."

"In the present crisis," said Colonel Moulson furiously, "it is the panic-mongers that we have to fear. If we could rid ourselves of them we should be a deal better off. There is no lack of confidence here, I assure you, but as you yourself feel so insecure, I can only suggest that you should apply for sick leave and go yourself immediately to Naini Tal."

Alex's right hand that lay flat upon the table clenched slowly into a fist—and as slowly relaxed again. It was no use. They were courageous enough, but they did not even now realize the magnitude of this thing that was overtaking them.

They had refused to take any precautions while the emergency was far away, and now that it was upon them they would take none—for fear of showing fear. They had done nothing while they could and dared do nothing when they would.

"Qui' ri'," repeated the commissioner with a hiccough, "'tirely agree. Mush keep calm!"

Alex sat down without further words and did not speak again while the conference dragged to its inconclusive close.

That night the first of the fires started in Lunjore, and the surgeon of the 105th Native Infantry, Colonel Packer's regiment, had his bungalow burned to the ground. It was a thatched bungalow, and an arrow wrapped in blazing, oil-soaked rags was fired into the roof shortly before midnight. . . .

LOTTIE and her companions, though suffering tortures from the heat in the closely curtained carriage in which they had escaped from Delhi, were still safe in the charge of its kindly driver, and in this way they were luckier than the majority of the other fugitives. For, scattered all over the sun-scorched countryside that surrounded the captured city of the Moguls, men, women and children hid and starved and died.

They crouched all day in ditches and canebrakes, gasping in the relentless heat, stripping themselves of uniforms and crinolines, wading rivers, crawling through the dying grass, skulking in the jungle; scratching a shallow grave with their bare hands in the hot, iron-hard earth to cover the corpse of a child, and leaving the bodies of the adults to the vultures and the jackals. They were robbed, stripped, insulted; hunted through the croplands and murdered for sport; lured by promises of protection into villages whose inhabitants gathered to watch them die.

A few—a very few—fell into the hands of kindly people who gave them food and shelter and risked their own lives, and the lives of all their families, in order to save hunted, helpless fellow creatures.

And within the walls of Delhi, in a stifling, windowless dungeon below the palace of the aged, timorous Bahadur Shah, newly proclaimed King of all Hindustan, fifty prisoners—the last of the British and the Christians left in Delhi—had still two days to live. . . .

Alex and his loyal orderly, Niaz Mahomet, were in the saddle for the greater part of every day, for they returned each night to Lunjore. Alex heard cases and gave judgments, often while sitting on horseback in the shade of a tree, throughout the long, blazing days. He saw in the faces of the villagers the ominous signs of the sickness that was sweeping through India; the open insolence and hostility that must be stared down or disregarded; the quick-leaping panic that must be allayed.

The quiet countryside was alive with rumours. Many true and many false. "The Shah of Persia has sent an army to the help of Bahadur Shah, who is now King of all Hind, and that army is already in Delhi. . . ." "There are but a handful of *Feringhees* left in the land, and the defeated remnants of the *Angrezi* regiments have

Continued on page 40

Alex Randall and Winter danced in silence. He seemed preoccupied, scarcely aware of her . .

On a Devon beach observers gather round Panjandrum, a giant catherine wheel designed to breach the Germans' Atlantic Wall

Wizards at War

Panjandrum routs the V.I.P.s

by GERALD PAWLE

Obviously out of control, the monster began to swing in a great curve—straight towards the men who were watching

PART 5

BELCHING smoke and flame, a fantastic missile thundered down the ramp of a landing craft in September, 1943, ploughed its way through the water and set off up the Devon beach. The Great Panjandrum was receiving its first trial. . . .

In 1943 Churchill and Roosevelt were discussing the invasion of Northern France, and their plans meant heavy responsibility for the Royal Navy. From now on, the men of the Wheezers and Dodgers—officially, the navy's Directorate of Miscellaneous Weapon Development—were busy solving invasion problems.

Weird projects began to take shape: floating roadways and airfields, harbours created by streams of bubbles, explosive amphibians, invisible boats. But there was nothing stranger than the Great Panjandrum, designed by the Wheezers and Dodgers to destroy the Germans' Atlantic Wall.

It was reported that the enemy beaches were defended by an enormous bastion of reinforced concrete ten feet high and seven feet thick. Before any troops landing on the beaches could reach the country beyond, this would have to be knocked down—or at any rate breached to allow a tank to pass through.

To breach a wall of these dimensions meant that one ton of high explosive must be placed at its foot. The beach, it was assumed, would be sown with landmines in front of the wall, and the whole area would be swept by heavy fire from small arms and mortars manned by the Germans. The problem facing the department was how to get one ton of high explosive to the base of the wall and set it off.

Nevil Shute Norway, engineer and novelist, who was an officer in the department, was puzzling over this one morning in the summer of 1943 when a group captain named Finch-Noyes, who was attached to the headquarters of Combined Operations, came to see him. He brought with him some rough sketches of a remarkable device.

It consisted of two enormous steel wheels, each ten feet in diameter with a tread about a foot wide. They were connected by a drum-like axle which would contain high explosive, and the monster would be propelled by a large number of slow-burning cordite rockets fitted round each wheel.

The thing would be carried to the shore in a tank landing craft. When the ramp went down, the rockets would be ignited, and the monster would propel itself through the shallow water and up the beach to the wall like a giant catherine wheel, reaching a speed of perhaps sixty miles an hour by the time it struck the concrete bastion. There the steel wheels would collapse, and the drum of T.N.T. would be hurled against the foot of the wall, where a mechanical device would set off the explosive.

Norway named the monster the Great Panjandrum, and on August 3, 1943, its construction began in great secrecy. At the outset a major in the Royal Marines visited the factory to check on the security arrangements. He produced a typewritten list of seven names. "These are the only people you will allow into the hut while this thing is being built," he said to the works manager. Among those omitted from the major's list—to the Wheezers and Dodgers' considerable amusement—was Guy Williamson himself, the Admiralty designer who had worked with Finch-Noyes to develop the Panjandrum.

Within a month the prototype was completed. In the early hours of September 2 it was rolled across the yard, and loaded on to a transporter. The police had been alerted, and with an escort of motor-cyclist outriders the monster set off for its trials in the west of England, moving only under cover of darkness.

The precautions taken by the security authorities were somewhat peculiar. They

insisted that the Panjandrum must stop only at approved Admiralty depots on its journey westward, and on arrival at these places it was hurriedly locked up before curious civilians could catch a close glimpse of it.

But when it arrived at Appledore, in North Devon, Security abandoned all interest in it. The Panjandrum was rolled off the transporter on to the beach, where it was promptly surrounded by holidaymakers who gazed with awe at the towering wheels, and prodded the rocket holders inquisitively.

From Appledore the Great Panjandrum was taken to Westward Ho!, where at the head of the beach a great pebble ridge runs parallel to the sea, and on the morning of September 7 it was decided to launch the monster on its first trial run up the beach from a tank landing craft.

First its central, explosive drum was filled with 4,000 lb. of dried sand. Then the rockets were clamped in position. As no one was quite certain how the Panjandrum would behave only eighteen rockets were tried at the start, but even so, surrounded by smoke and fire, it was an awe-inspiring sight.

It rushed from the landing craft and kept a relatively straight course until two of the rockets on one side failed to ignite, causing it to swing to starboard. Then it came to a standstill after covering 220 yards.

It was obvious that without more rockets the Panjandrum would never reach a speed of sixty miles an hour at the head of the beach. So the Wheezers and Dodgers decided to double the number of rockets, fitting the extra rockets on to the inside of the wheels.

There now commenced a series of trials on local beaches, designed to develop a weapon that would run straight and fast. After unsuccessful tests with a three-wheeled Panjandrum, the Wheezers and Dodgers tried a different stabilizing scheme. A steering system was rigged up in which cables controlled by naval kite balloon winches acted as brakes on the large axle of the Panjandrum. Then the monster was given a new trial at Westward Ho!

Two one-ton cables, two thousand feet long, were used, and Norway and Williamson each took charge of a winch. The beach was ribbed, soft, and very wet, but this time the Panjandrum worked up to a tremendous speed, and when Norway applied the brake to steady it the cable on the port side snapped off close to the machine. It came whistling back like a bullet, and both the steersmen had to hurl themselves face downwards on the wet sand. After a further test it was decided to fit heavier wire.

There were further unsuccessful trials in November. Then the design of the Panjandrum was modified, and two new models were built in London. While they were being made ready, word came to the department that close accuracy of steering was no longer considered imperative by the invasion planners.

WHEN they next assembled at Westward Ho!, in January, 1944, the Panjandrum which they loaded into the L.C.T. was almost a reversion to the original prototype in appearance. . . . After lunch a resplendent gathering of admirals and generals made their way to the pebble ridge. There were a number of distinguished scientific observers present, too. Whitehall had come to pass judgment on the Great Panjandrum, and the Wheezers and Dodgers sensed that this trial would decide its fate.

First, two minefields were detonated to provide the craters which would be encountered on an enemy beach. Louis Klemantaski, the department's photographer, who was to film the run, chose a position about half-way up the course. As he got his ciné equipment ready he was joined by several Brass Hats and an airedale dog which had somehow got into the party.

The Panjandrum made a slow, impressive start. In the first few yards a rocket burst from its clamps. Then two more broke free; but now the Panjandrum was moving at a terrific speed. To Klemantaski, it seemed to be nearing one hundred miles an hour—a rushing inferno of smoke and fierce jets of fire.

At eighty yards the monster's shoreside wheel dipped ominously. At 120 yards the awed watchers realized it was out of control. The Panjandrum began to swing in a great curve to starboard. Hypnotized by the vast Frankenstein object roaring across the sand, Klemantaski continued to photograph it until it was heading straight for him. Then he sprang to his feet and ran for his life, following the V.I.P.s as they flung themselves headlong down the far side of the pebble ridge into a mass of barbed wire.

"At any moment we expected the monster to

Continued on page 32

Alec Menhinick sunbathes on board the department's landing craft with the Wren he met and married during Solent trials

ILLUSTRATION BY CLIVE UPTTON

The rocket grapnels hissed up from the beach below and bit into the turf at the cliff top. Then, doggedly, the men began to climb

St. Paul's, say the planners, must never be hemmed in again. But already some new buildings are restricting the view

From the top of St. Paul's, the City is a jungle of steel. In the foreground are Gateway House and the new Bank; Bucklersbury House is in the distance

Behind the Barbican site, sixteen-storey flats dominate the skyline. In the City, a £5 note buys only the land it covers

Storm over London

by JOHN ENNIS

Out of the ashes of war, the City is rising again. But the cries of wrangling architects drown the roar of the bulldozers. The quarrels seem never-ending

THE traditional turtle soup was an hour-old memory when the new Lord Mayor of London, Sir Noel Bowater, rose in his place at his inaugural banquet in the ancient Guildhall on November 9, 1953. Turning to face his distinguished guest, he put into words a complaint that was in the minds of most of the wealthy City business men who sat around him at the long tables.

"The rebuilding of the bomb-damaged areas of London," said Sir Noel, "is proceeding far too slowly. Nearly a third of the capital city of the British Empire and Commonwealth is still in the ruins left by the devastating bombing of 1940 and 1941, and by the subsequent V1 and V2 bombing."

The distinguished guest, Sir Winston Churchill, rose to reply. "It is indeed," he said, "a shocking sight, and one can hardly think of a worse advertisement of British recovery and strength." But he pointed out that in two years his government had issued £7 million worth of building licences to the City of London, and promised more licences to "ensure a steady rhythm of rebuilding within the limits of labour and material available."

Millions of televiewers who had eavesdropped on the Guildhall speeches that evening must have switched off with the feeling that the capital city of the Empire was about to rise from its own ashes under the expert eye of the world's most renowned amateur bricklayer. In fact, this reluctant phoenix was dropped into the lap of the Minister of Works, Sir David Eccles, whose task it was to issue the licences.

The licences worth £7 million that Sir Winston spoke of were being consumed by seven huge buildings. A further twenty-nine were already completed, or nearly completed, under licences granted by previous governments since the end of the war. Sir David, a man with a keen interest in the fine arts, went out to look at some of them.

What he saw shocked him as much as Sir Winston had been shocked by the rubble and ragwort of the City's open spaces. A few weeks later he chided the men of the City at a luncheon in Mansion House.

"I fear," he said, "that unless swift and effective action is taken, we shall see fat and familiar, mediocre and characterless neo-Georgian architecture rising from Hitler's ruins to betray the confident spirit of the new reign." He demanded "a deliberate decision to adopt standards of fine architecture which transcend the humdrum limits of commercial utility."

He proposed a co-ordinating body for harmony and style, and he offered to consider granting licences by areas where plans had already been co-ordinated. London, Sir David told the business men, was famous for more than money-making. It was "a trustee and a trumpet of the nation's glory."

As a city to work in or to gaze upon, London before the blitz was a muted trumpet. Its 667 acres, slightly more than a square mile, were crammed with office buildings, into parts of which sunlight never penetrated. Only nine thousand people lived in the City, while half a million men and women daily struggled and straphung their way in to work from the suburbs.

Sir William Holford was paid £10,500 to prepare this plan for the St. Paul's area. One critic has called the Holford scheme "a masterly shocker"

Between the huddled buildings, traffic squirmed slowly along a maze of roads built for horse-drawn vehicles. Until German bombs opened up the land around it, the City's most magnificent building, Sir Christopher Wren's St. Paul's Cathedral, had never been clearly in view since it was built after the Great Fire of 1666.

IN relation to its size, the City of London received more war damage than any city in Britain. Of 393 acres of buildings, 104 acres were destroyed. One-third of the total area of floor space disappeared. Twenty out of forty-seven churches were destroyed or seriously damaged. Eighteen out of thirty-six livery company halls were destroyed, as were 109 public houses out of 338.

At the beginning of April this year, with the building licence a thing of the past, forty-one new buildings were completed. Together with repairs, these buildings restore nearly two and a half million of the twenty-seven and a half million square feet of missing floor space. Seventy-seven buildings of every shape and size were under construction; full planning permission had been given for a further twenty; and another thirty-two projects had their plans approved in principle.

Together, all these will provide a little less than half the floor space lost in the war.

Immediately after the war, when labour and materials were scarce, priority went to the building of factories, housing and schools. The City needed offices and warehouses, and to a lesser extent, churches and public houses. The City had to wait.

Meanwhile, plans were drawn up and discussed. Under the Town and Country Planning Act of 1947, the City Corporation was given the job of planning the City, but London County Council became the over-riding planning authority. If the two fail to agree, they go hand in hand to the Minister of Housing and Local Government and ask him to judge.

Sir William Holford and Dr. Charles Holden, both eminent architects, produced a plan for the City in 1947. Before the L.C.C. grants planning permission, a proposed building must broadly agree with principles laid down in the Holford-Holden plan, at least in terms of siting, a

The Barbican area was almost totally devastated by bombs. Still standing (centre) is St. Giles's, Cripplegate, round which a

building line designed to provide more open space, and plot ratio, a piece of planners' jargon that, in the City of London, means that the floor space of a building should not exceed five times the area of the ground on which the building stands.

If the new City is rising too slowly for some, there are other people who find it shooting up too fast. There are the people, among them leading architects, who still hope London will boldly grasp its second chance and succeed in building a fine modern city where Wren failed.

FAR from being pleased, they were horrified by Sir Winston's offer of an increased flow of licences. Like Sir David Eccles, they have noticed that siting, building line and plot ratio restrictions do nothing to control the style of architecture.

The bulky neo-Georgian Bank of England offices are going up close to the east wall of St. Paul's, and Gateway House, in a similar style, stands close by. The Royal Fine Art Commission, a body of sixteen men, mostly architects, whose public duty is to keep a wary eye on the architectural scene, complained in 1953 that the Bank of England plans had been submitted to them too late—only "when major planning decisions had been taken."

Asked recently for a description of the styles of some other office blocks already built, a City planner could only reply: "They are nothing really. Just piles of commercial building. We call them 'amorphous architecture.'"

To one group of private individuals, a picture began to emerge at the beginning of 1954. It was a picture of piecemeal development which they believed was destined to end in a City of London completely out of step with modern life. Under the chairmanship of Sir Gerald Barry, who three years before had directed the Festival of Britain, the group formed themselves into the New Barbican Committee.

The committee set its sights on the almost totally devastated region of forty acres bounded by Barbican, Aldersgate Street and Moorgate. Already the City Corporation had bought seventy-five per cent of the land in the area. The stage was set for a comprehensive plan.

The New Barbican Committee commissioned three architects, Sergei Kadleigh, William Whitfield and Patrick Horsbrugh, to design what amounted to a city within a city. In October, 1954, they placed a £55 million plan before the City Corporation's Court of Common Council.

Dig out, said the New Barbican Committee, the whole area to a depth of sixty feet, except for one peninsula of land to hold the remains of the Roman Wall, the historical Ironmongers' Hall and the Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate. Build four floors of warehouses below ground, and a park for three thousand cars just below street level.

At street level, cover two-thirds of the site with five-storey office and industrial blocks, heated and lighted from generators below. Join the flat roofs of these blocks with bridges and turn them into a second "ground level," fifty feet up, carrying roads up to this level in spirals from the street. Build on this level four-storey maisonettes, shops, restaurants, public houses, cinemas, schools, playgrounds and gardens. Also from this level, throw up five tall blocks of offices, spaced well apart, and use the top floors for expensive flats.

And the point of all this? "A city must have people living in it," said the New Barbican Committee. "Land in the City of London is fabulously costly. A £5 note will just cover the ground it will buy. Housing is hopelessly uneconomic—so build the housing accommodation on top of industrial buildings which are already paying for the land."

THE Court of Common Council threw out the plan. The committee appealed, and a Ministry of Housing inspector, Stanley Docking, held a public inquiry last January. While firm in its opposition, the City Corporation praised Kadleigh and his colleagues for an imaginative plan.

It was from outside the inquiry room that the blast came.

Professor Sir Albert Edward Richardson, President of the Royal Academy, is an advocate of the Eighteenth Century. To him neo-Georgian is no swear-word, but the essence of the gracious life. He has gone so far as to state on television that people should be happy to live in a cold house so as to be able to afford to keep the exterior beautiful, to live in the kitchen so as to maintain the parlour.

In his candle-lit period house in Bedfordshire he holds parties at which he and his guests wear knee-breeches and cloaks and smoke church-warden pipes.

One of Britain's best-known architects, Richardson wants a City of London designed on the classic lines of the eighteenth century. Town planners he would banish in favour of a committee of taste. The new *Financial Times* building, which he designed to stand near St. Paul's, he calls "a City palace, not a factory for clerks." A critic writing in the *Architectural Review*, on the other hand, called it and other projected buildings "a formidable and indeed frightening array."

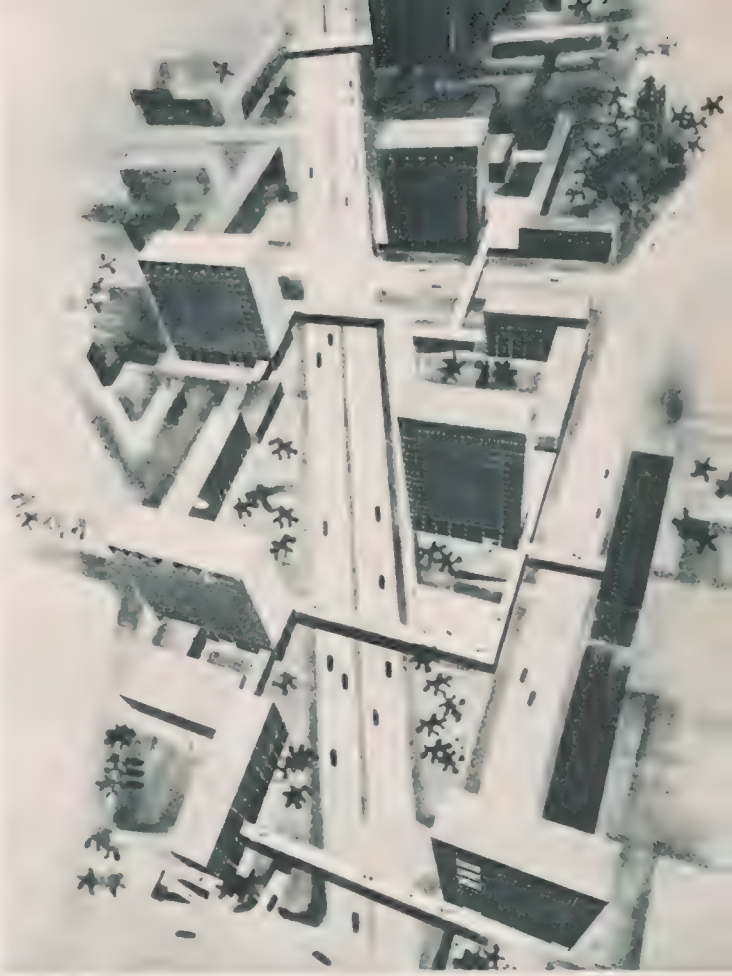
While the New Barbican inquiry was in session, Richardson went to open an exhibition of water-colour paintings. There, somebody placed a three-cornered hat on his head. Richardson tucked his handkerchief into his collar to simulate a Georgian cravat. Then he sniped at the new Barbican plan.

"A piece of exploitation by millions of big business," he called it. "This Barbican will never be built. It is doomed and condemned because the British people say, No, we will never have a hideous thing like that.' It would be Paradise Lost."

William Barclay Harris, the New Barbican Committee's counsel, protested next day at the inquiry. He stressed that, far from the New Barbican plan's being a piece of big business exploitation, the committee, the architects and the solicitor had all given their services free. Docking reported Richardson's statements to his ministry's solicitor.

After the inquiry closed, Richardson, unrepentant, remarked: "I killed the Barbican scheme the other day. That was a nice affair."

Meanwhile the planners of the City Corporation and the London County Council had been busy. The following month Dr. Leslie Martin, architect to the L.C.C., and Anthony Mealand, the City's chief planning officer, produced a rival plan for the Barbican. Though less revolutionary, it contained many features similar to the New Barbican plan, such as tower blocks for offices, roof-level pedestrian



residential area may be built. On the right is the Martin-Mealand plan for part of the site—towered buildings along a new highway

walks and underground carparks. Gone, however, were the innovations that the New Barbican Committee believed would make their scheme pay—the tiers of underground warehouses and the homes built above industrial buildings. The Martin-Mealand scheme concentrated housing on the ground in one district. The plan awaits official approval.

SINCE bombs first opened up the view, everybody has agreed that St. Paul's must never again be hemmed in. Views differ on the way to avoid doing so.

City planners have drawn sight lines from the centre of bridges over the Thames to the dome of the Cathedral, and builders are co-operating in keeping these open. But the City Corporation has yet to decide the final appearance of the precincts of St. Paul's.

The first scheme for the St. Paul's precincts appeared in the L.C.C.'s Development Plan for London, published in 1951.

Beginning in 1952, a public inquiry into this plan dragged on for nine months while 6,300 objectors put their views. Eight million words were spoken and recorded, 15,000 documents and maps were printed, and as the final speeches were delivered, foolscap sheets made a pile six feet high on the table.

It took the Ministry of Housing and Local Government almost two years to consider the proposals. Finally the minister came down on the same side as one architecture critic who wrote of the plan for the St. Paul's precincts, "The City of London has risen to the occasion by producing designs which might possibly have got an honourable mention in a student's competition for a utility washhouse for senior civil servants." Duncan Sandys, the minister, was more formal when he wrote to the L.C.C. in March, 1955, saying he thought the plan "misses a unique opportunity to provide a truly worthy setting for St. Paul's."

Sir Albert Richardson, who besides providing his "City Palace" close by the Cathedral had also built a formal garden by the east wing, welcomed the minister's views in a broadcast. Protesting against a trend towards "huge structures of sensational character," Sir Albert suggested colonnades, similar to those put by Bernini around St. Peter's, Rome, to the north and south of St. Paul's.

Sandys, however, had something different in mind. Four months later he wrote an open letter to the Lord Mayor, Sir Seymour Howard, calling for "exciting, modern conceptions" and an avoidance of "monotonous sameness" and new buildings that would "venture to reach up high into the sky."

ABOUT this time another influential convert was made to the modernist demand for widely separate slim towers, allowing more sunlight to reach offices and streets, rising from groups of buildings of varying heights. The Very Reverend Walter Robert Matthews, Dean of St. Paul's, called the massive office blocks which he saw rising "the inverted packing case school," and said, "I can imagine a rebuilt London in which beautiful towers were grouped round the dome of St. Paul's in a manner which would do something for our generation akin to what Wren aimed at in his day."

The City Corporation paid Sir William Holford a fee of ten thousand guineas to prepare a plan for the area round St. Paul's. Last March Sir William produced his plan. It had slim towers, rising from modern-style buildings of varying heights, and gave a variety of surprise viewpoints of the Cathedral. Sir Albert Richardson's formal garden had disappeared. The rows began again.

Perhaps the lack of even a hint of a Bernini colonnade made a member of the Court of Common Council, Alderman Sir George Wilkinson, complain that Holford's proposed approach to the west front of St. Paul's was "not majestic enough." Another member, Captain Alfred Instone, called the plan "a masterly shocker."

Last month, however, both the Court of Common Council and the L.C.C. adopted the Holford plan "in principle." This does not commit them to approval of every detail, and many reservations are expected before the scheme is completed.

While London awaits final decisions on the

Continued on page 38

What are the jobs with a future?

This year 400,000 school leavers and their parents are asking that vital question. HARRY HOPKINS gives the answer in a penetrating inquiry beginning in JOHN BULL next week. He shows that boys and girls to-day can enjoy . . .

OPPORTUNITY UNLIMITED

Treasures in the chaos

by ANTONY FERRY

Richard Ford sells nature's bric-à-brac—from penny worms to two glass eyes for tigers

WHEN the senior mistress of a prominent girls' school recently called at the offices of Watkins and Doncaster, the London naturalists, she asked for a dozen worms. They could be of any variety, she said, so long as six were females.

As Richard Ford, the owner, started away, one of the schoolboy customers who are always found browsing among the fossils and insects in the shop sidled over proudly. "Miss," he began, "worms aren't——" Ford took the boy by the shoulders and steered him away to a corner. In the back of the shop he selected six large worms and six small ones, put them in a tin and offered them to the woman for a penny each.

When the woman left, Ford beckoned to the boy.

"You'll make a fine naturalist," he said, "if you keep at it. Only don't flaunt your knowledge around. If the lady thinks that worms come in two sexes, don't contradict her." He wrapped up the boy's purchase. "No charge for the butterfly net."

Ever since the firm was founded in the 1870s, collectors and students of natural history have gone to Watkins and Doncaster in search of live or preserved specimens of insects, butterflies and birds' eggs, moths and whales' ears—all the bric-à-brac of nature. The firm has been trading on enthusiasm for natural phenomena almost from the time that Charles Darwin, propounded *The Origin Of Species*, the theory of natural selection and evolution.

Reviewing the variety of his business, Ford boasts that no one in search of the rarest tropical specimens visits him in vain. "We cater for every imaginable schoolboy request as well as demands for the usual English fritillaries sought after by the older lepidopterist."

The firm's London office is situated over a barber's shop about two hundred yards from Trafalgar Square. Clients mount two flights of stairs with a curious faith that whatever they seek is gathering dust somewhere in the clutter of the shop.

It is this trust that the most outlandish demands will be satisfied that brought a client running up the stairs recently, saying, "Only half a minute to spare . . . quick, the biggest and the smallest eggs in the world!" He left as rapidly as he had come, with the eggs of an ostrich and a humming-bird. Ford asked for no explanation and got none. "I have a decent respect for mystery," he says. "Why probe?"

Most of the transactions are carried out

Amid the strange disorder he considers necessary in his shop, Ford shows rock specimens to two aspiring geologists

A boy naturalist studies crabs in a glass case. Ford's reputation depends on his ability to supply anything at a moment's notice

Ford uses a telescopic mirror to exhibit a nest. One customer demanded, "Quick, the biggest and smallest eggs in the world"

at a more leisurely pace. Collectors are inclined to browse for hours among the specimens, taking them from their trays, holding them up to the light, making notes—while Ford pursues what he calls his policy of "non-intervention."

A wooden replica of a peacock butterfly hangs outside one of the windows overlooking the Strand. That, and the chaotic state of the shop, are the firm's trademarks.

In the twenty years he has been running the business, Ford has never taken an inventory and only once did he start spring cleaning. Habitués looked at the clean walls and complained that the place wasn't what it used to be. It took Ford a week to restore the complete disorder which he believes is necessary for running the business efficiently.

An acquisitive, harried man of forty-six who is given to wandering around the shop for hours with his hat and coat still on, Ford uses an instinctive approach to stocktaking. To find a pair of glass eyes for someone's stuffed tiger, he is likely to move absentmindedly to the hollow foot of an elephant under a table, rummage inside it and come back with two glass eyes rolling wildly in his cupped hand. At such times he looks as surprised as his customer.

SINCE the aborted spring-cleaning, Ford has vowed that he will touch nothing. The handle on the door of the shop broke off about fifteen years ago. A curved bull's horn was screwed on to the door as a temporary measure, but it is still there, now rubbed smooth by the hands of thousands of customers.

High up in the rafters of the shop a hummingbird's nest containing four eggs has rested for the better part of seventy-five years. Ford doesn't know why the nest was put there, but he has found it useful for demonstrating the effectiveness of his ornithologist's telescopic extending mirror, a piece of equipment designed like a collapsible fishing-rod with a magnifying mirror on the end of it.

A cagey business man, he invariably answers queries about the price of an item with the question: "Well, what are you *prepared* to pay?" But he is a strenuous salesman and demonstrator. When a customer comes in for a butterfly net with a long handle, Ford tells him that butterflies are easier to net without a handle. Very often he slinks cat-like about the shop, scooping great pockets of air in an attempt to demonstrate it.

Ford began his career as a qualified geologist. Since a large part of the firm's turnover is in insects, he took up entomology before buying the business. Later he branched out into botany and archaeology. He is also an expert on the biological aspects of one small group of parasitic flies. He has written a book on each of the subjects that interest him: eggs and nests, pond life, British wild animals and reptiles, and moths, and he has drawn up a reference book entitled *What British Butterfly Is That?*

Ford replenishes his stocks by bidding for old collections. He is doubtful about buying from unknown sources, however. "People who only dabble in natural history hardly ever have anything original to show," he says. "A rattlesnake's rattle, a whale's tooth, various seeds and beans, always the same kinds of shells. . . . And they always think they have found something nobody else has."

He once turned down a collection of emu eggs because many of them were cracked. A few days later an artist asked for emu eggshells to make paint pigment. Ford hurriedly phoned the collector, but it was too late. A paint firm had already bought them to grind up.

Inevitably, many strange elements turn up in the stock. Ford recently discovered a set of human teeth wrapped in an 1890 Russian newspaper. At the time, he was looking for the mislaid horns of a horned toad.

The firm was founded by William Watkins, a naturalist, and Arthur Doncaster, a deaf mute who was an expert on foreign butterflies. Doncaster answered customers by means of a slate and pencil hung around his neck. By the time he died, the firm numbered many prominent collectors among its clientèle. Lord Rothschild periodically came to equip one of his hired collectors for a jungle trip in search of mammoth butterflies. Adventurers, distinguished diplomats and peers used to browse for hours among the specimens.

Ford bought out the business shortly before the second World War. For three weeks after his succession he received no customers and only a handful of postal inquiries addressed to "The Entomologists' Emporium," or "The Butterfly and Moth Shop." He spent most of his first weeks extracting the contents of bad eggs with a syringe, washing out the hollow shells and selling them by the basket to a manufacturer who filled them with chocolate for cheap Easter eggs.

Slowly, he began to build up a mail-order business, answering such letters as: "Dear Sirs,—I have decided to become a naturalist. Please send me the chrysalis of the Privet Hawk Moth, Love, Peter."

CLIENTS in search of unusual specimens will soon have to invade the comparative wilds of Welling, Kent, to which Ford is transferring the business. He expects no decrease in trade because the firm is still virtually alone in the natural history business and it has a wide reputation for being able to supply anything at a moment's notice.

Recently, during a dry spell, a film producer asked Ford for a dozen earthworms which were needed for a scene to be made the following morning.

"Don't you know that worms are scarce these days because of drought?" Ford asked. "But how much are you willing to pay?"

"Anything. Two guineas!"

"Have them for you in the morning," Ford promised.

At eleven o'clock that night he watered his front lawn. At midnight, after putting on a pair of rubber shoes, he went out with a lantern. Within ten minutes he had caught his quota.

The following morning he had them delivered with his invoice. The worms were worth 1s. 6d. a dozen. Ford added £2 0s. 6d. for "specialized knowledge."

Much of Ford's capital is tied up in stock that may be kept on display for years before he finds a client for it.

"I recently bought for a few shillings the perfectly spherical gallstone of a cow," he says. "Soon, someone will write in to order one. They will show no surprise when the gallstone is delivered by return of post." THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

The Man Who Always Won

by ARTHUR GORDON

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

Casey was invincible, the perfect tennis machine. And now he must humiliate the brother of the girl he loved . . .

BURLEIGH, the slender Englishman, drove deep to his opponent's backhand and came charging up to the net. Fifteen thousand pairs of eyes followed the bullet flight of the ball, white against the emerald turf. Sharply angled, it was a fine forcing shot.

Casey, the big Californian, moved across the backcourt, long legs scissoring away the distance. His eyes never left the ball for an instant, but some marvellous computing machine in his brain told him exactly where Burleigh was, told him, indeed, exactly where the Englishman would be at any given moment.

His shoulder dropped, the racket swung back. Burleigh drifted a shade to his right to cover the vulnerable sideline, open to a straight passing shot.

Even faster than it had come, the ball whistled back across the court. Burleigh lunged desperately to his left, missed, saw the ball kick chalk-dust from the far sideline. He shook his head and kept going for the towels at the foot of the umpire's stand.

"Game and set to Casey," said that official into his microphone. "Casey leads, two sets to love."

A faint sound, almost like a sigh, rippled along the close-packed seats. Then the applause broke out. It stirred Casey oddly as he dropped his racket on the bench and mopped his streaming face and forearms with the towel. Amazing people, these British. How long since one of them had won their own championship? Too long, anyway. Yet they seemed quite undismayed, and could sit there enthusiastically clapping the alien, the invader who made that victory impossible.

Burleigh gave him a wan smile. "That was too good, Dwight."

Too good, thought Casey uneasily, pouring water into a paper cup. *Maybe we are too good, we Americans. Maybe we do everything too well. Why is it? Is it because we're so insecure that we can't bear to lose?*

He glanced up at the scoreboard. Six-two, six-one. A massacre, so far. Well, that was what everybody had predicted. John Burleigh was a good player, the best in England, probably. But not nearly good enough. Dwight Casey was bigger and stronger and faster. And better. It was just as simple as that.

He rinsed out his mouth with the water, watching Burleigh pour a little sweetened tea from a Thermos and drink it very slowly. For energy. You always burned up more energy when you were losing, when your opponent dominated the play.

It had been a long time since Casey had lost a match of any importance, but he could remember the harried, hunted feeling of the player who is always back on his heels, always on the defensive, always retrieving frantically, lucky even to keep the ball in play.

A ball-boy offered him three new balls. He took them on his racket, transferred them to his left hand. They were his unquestionable servants. He could make them do almost anything he chose.

He walked slowly out to the baseline, not wanting to hurry Burleigh, but not wanting to stiffen up, either. Applause greeted him, died away.

He did, then, exactly what he had promised himself not to do. He glanced up, looking for a certain spot of colour in one of the lower tiers of seats.

He found it, saw that Audrey was leaning forward in an intent pose.

He looked away quickly, feeling the dull surge of anger that was like an echo of their last quarrel. Why did they always have to fight? Why couldn't they simply yield to the strong basic attraction that both of them had acknowledged?

He didn't blame her for wanting him to lose this match. After all, John Burleigh was her brother. But the trouble lay deeper than that. It had been there from the beginning, a kind of latent antagonism, intangible but real.

He had met her the summer before at one of the cocktail parties that always surround a major tournament. His first impression had been of wide grey eyes watching him over the rim of a pink gin, and of a voice so clear and cool and British that he could recall every syllable of it still. . . .

"I watched you in action for the first time this afternoon

The crowd was breathlessly silent. Casey, fighting like a tiger, needed only two points to win. He knew what the result would be . . .

the BIGGER cigarette

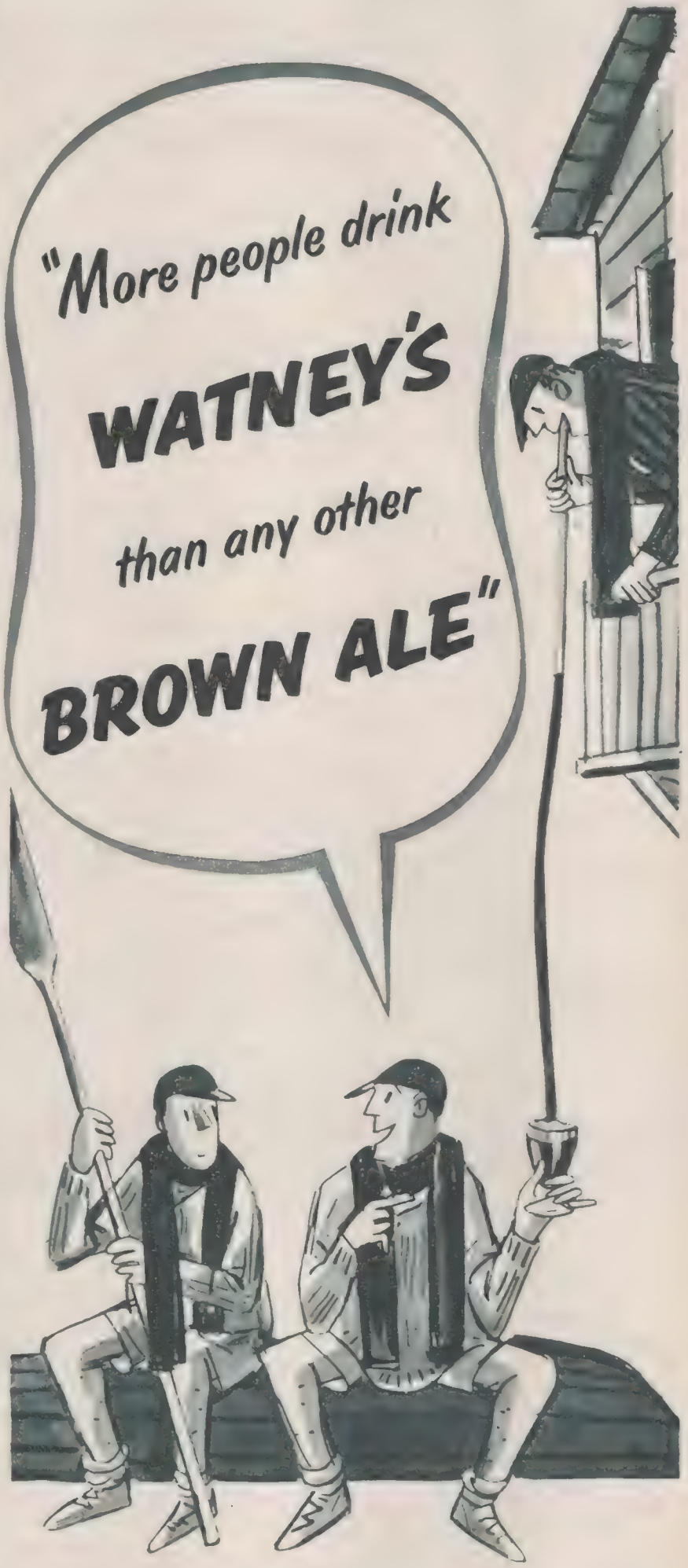
in the BETTER pack

The new, bigger Churchman's No. 1 fully merits the protection given it by the new, hinge-lid pack. Stronger, simpler to open, this new pack accords to these fine cigarettes the permanent protection and freshness they merit. It ensures that the last Churchman's you take from your packet will be as firm, smooth and immaculate as the first.

The fifteen-minute cigarette
at 4/1d. for 20

CHURCHMAN'S No.1

C44F



Have YOU tried it?

Mr. Casey," she had said. "John told me you were appallingly good. You are."

"Thank you," he said, a little disconcerted by the curious edge of resentment in her voice.

Her eyes shifted to the glass in his hand. "What's that odd-looking drink?"

"I believe you call it lemon squash," he confessed.

"How pure!" she said mockingly. "Do you think that will help you win this tournament?"

He shrugged. He knew he was going to win the tournament.

"Tell me something, Mr. Casey," she went on. "Why do you consider winning so desperately important?"

He said slowly: "Winning isn't so important. Trying to win is, I think."

"A meaningless distinction," she said sharply, "when you always win."

HE saw a lot of her after that: she watched her brother play whenever she could. She watched Casey, too, watched him out-think the crafty ones, out-drive the power hitters, out-last the dogged retrievers. He never had the feeling that she was pulling for him. On the contrary, he knew she wanted him to lose, wanted it with an intensity that seemed out of all proportion. He never gave her that satisfaction.

He was a popular champion—popular with everyone, except Audrey. And even with her there was an attraction so strong that at times it more than balanced the antagonism. Dancing with her the night before he had sailed for New York he had swept her out on to a darkened terrace, had bent his head and kissed her. For a moment she had yielded, had clung to him. But then, abruptly, she had pushed him away. He had remembered that kiss all through the excitement and triumphs of Forest Hills, all through the winter that followed.

There were times when he could almost understand her resentment. She loved her brother dearly. She was British. She was stubborn. She was proud. Was her anger so very surprising, really?

He brought his mind back to the present with a conscious effort, heard the applause for Burleigh now, louder than his own, the impulsive surge of sympathy for the underdog.

The new set began. Casey looked across at Burleigh crouching, tense as a bowstring, on the other side of the net.

The Englishman was half a step out of position. A dozen times in the preceding sets Casey had aced him with thunderbolts straight down the line dividing the service courts. Burleigh was set up now for the wicked slice deep into the outside corner. Three or four of those, and then he might grow desperate, might decide to move in a couple of steps and try to handle Casey's booming service on the rise. Only a truly great player could get away with that. For two years, now, nobody had.

Like a perfectly balanced, perfectly oiled mechanism, Casey rocked forward then back. His left arm swept up, the ball rose as if on invisible wires to a point exactly above his eyes. There it hung, sharp against the blue of the sky. Around and up swept the head of the racket, the whole steel-spring power of the rangy body behind it. At the top of its arc it was a blur of light. It met the waiting ball with a resonant sound unlike any other in the world.

Instantly an incredibly complex set of dynamics went into action. Flattened momentarily into a half-sphere, the ball shot away in a streak of white. And yet in that fractional second of contact its exact direction had been decided, the exact amount of spin imparted so that the tiny fibres of its covering, gripping the resistant air, forced it earthward a shade faster than the pull of gravity, compelled it to land with a blinding speed and superb accuracy somewhere on an area of turf that could have been covered by a handkerchief.

Burleigh lunged and got his racket on the ball, but could not handle it. "Fifteen," said the umpire, "love."

Applause was quick and generous. Casey turned. A ball-boy bounced another ball to him. He threw a quick glance into the stands. Audrey was sitting motionless, her hands clasped tightly in her lap. Her face had the set look it always had when she watched him play; like a mask, a beautiful mask. . . .

It had been a mask last night, when they parted. In the semi-finals he had blasted one of his own countrymen in three straight sets. There had been congratulations from everyone—except Audrey. "Couldn't you let him have one set?" she had said. "Just one?"

THE familiar anger had stabbed him. This was the one person in the world whose praise he really wanted, the woman at whose feet he wanted to lay all his triumphs. He had said, grimly: "I wouldn't want anyone to give me a set."

"Of course, you wouldn't," she said. "But then, you're not quite human. You're a machine, an almost perfect machine."

A machine. He moved a few feet to his left and toed the baseline again. He clenched his teeth, feeling the muscles jump in his cheek. *All right,* he said to himself, *all right, if this is the way she wants it.* . . .

Again the white ball rose and hovered, but this time it was not exactly above Casey's eyes. It was three inches behind its former position. The racket flashed. The ball hit the turf half a foot beyond the service line.

"Fault!" barked the linesman in a clear, tinny voice.

The second serve, delivered with a vicious twist, hopped high to Burleigh's backhand. The Englishman returned it deep, came charging in again. Casey drove the ball straight back at him. Burleigh returned it with a crisply angled volley for the point.

"Fifteen," droned the umpire, "all."

You can lose a set to an inferior player if you want to—and do it with subtlety and finesse. You don't have to resort to anything so crude as double faults or short lobs. You merely take chances that are not entirely necessary. You aim for the line itself, instead of three inches inside the line. You hit as hard as ever, but you hit to areas where you know your opponent will be. You don't out-manoeuvre him; you let him out-manoeuvre you.

It is a dangerous thing to do, because you may throw your own timing off—and an adversary who gets up off the floor is always doubly dangerous. But it can be done, and Casey did it. Burleigh won the third set seven to five.

The crowd went wild, but then the applause died raggedly away as the rain came on. The pattering spots that had been falling for some minutes had suddenly developed into a heavy shower. As the covers were dragged out, Casey and Burleigh dashed for shelter.

In the dressing-room under the stand, Casey said: "Some beautiful volleying there, John. Nothing wrong with that last drop shot either."

But the Englishman didn't answer. He shrugged and turned away.

Slowly Casey went into the cubicle assigned to him, stood briefly in a shower neither warm nor cold, came out, put on clean, dry clothes, wrapped himself in the frayed bathrobe that had been with him since he won his first junior championship and in which—or so he believed with the wry superstition of the athlete—resided much of his luck.

He lay down on the couch, ordering his obedient muscles to relax, and stared at the ceiling. Usually, during an unexpected respite

Continued on page 46

Audrey had changed her mind. "Don't be dishonest . . . don't turn the game into a fraud," she said. "Please, Dwight . . ."

TV sales talk with a camera

by DON EVERITT

Commercial and B.B.C. television offer a new chance to British film makers. Arthur Wooster and his partners seize it—and find romance

Sprawled on the ground, Wooster goes into action

A PLEASANT, bustling film cameraman named Arthur Wooster drove out of London one autumn morning last year in search of a country location containing a church and a five-bar gate. He expected to find the scene and to shoot a five-second film of it that day. But the search proved more tedious.

The film, part of a thirty-second television advertisement, had to copy accurately a drawing on a margarine packaging wrapper. The church had to have a short steeple, and the gate cross-members in the shape of a broad arrow. Wooster returned home that evening unrewarded.

On several days during the next two weeks he scoured the Home Counties and went even as far as Dorset. He called on clergymen and farmers for help. On clerical advice, he narrowed the search for the steeple to Hertfordshire and Essex, and at last found one near Bishop's Stortford. But nowhere in the surrounding fields could he find an appropriate gate.

He subsequently found the right gate about thirty miles away near Iver in Buckinghamshire. With the farmer's permission, he lifted it from its hinges, roped it on top of his car and took it to Bishop's Stortford. There he set it in the middle of a field near the church and put short pieces of hedgerow at each side. Finally, having shooed a herd of curious cows from the disembodied gate, he shot the film.

To the local bystanders these antics seemed downright comical, but Wooster had to match exactly the margarine label. "These television commercials pay well," he says, "but details must be exactly right."

Wooster, twenty-seven years old, is one of four men, all under thirty-five, who run a flourishing documentary and industrial film unit known as Film Partnership Limited. Three of them, Wooster included, worked formerly for the Crown Film Unit: when it closed in 1952 they formed their own business, each contributing £10 of capital.

"Many people believed, wrongly, that documentaries had finished when Crown folded," says Wooster. "But the demand from large firms for prestige films has more than kept the wolf from the door. We were lucky to get a contract straight away to shoot a ten-minute silent picture of some new hangar doors at London Airport. That brought us £500 and since then we've never looked back. Now, with the expansion of television, we can have jam on our bread."

With seventy productions to its credit, Film Partnership Limited has boosted its turnover from £800 in its first year to nearly £30,000 last year. Wooster reckons that television provides at least half of the current income.

Many of Britain's 120 independent documentary film units have similarly struck prosperity in the last two years. They, too, have largely to thank television.

Until last February, Wooster and his three directors were all bachelors, but "with our growing prosperity a romantic disease seems to have bitten us." In February, the youngest director, Michael Ewart Johns, got married, and at the wedding the eldest director, Robert Malcolm Angell, met the girl he married last month.

During April the third director, Godfrey Jennison, announced his engagement. For a full seven weeks Wooster was the only unattached member of the board; then he, too, got engaged.

Wooster has shot for the B.B.C., independent and American television an assortment of films varying from fifteen-second advertisements to one-hour documentaries. The advertisements, commonly called commercials, have extolled a list of products which includes fertilizers, cooked meat, bicycles, fruit, cigarettes and aeroplanes.

THE economics of making commercials are erratic. "A simple one-minute commercial costs an average of £300. The addition of actors, dialogue, studio sets, scripts, jingles or vocalists may inflate the price to £500. The animated commercial costs more; it usually calls for the work of several artists and it takes a deuce of a long time to shoot.

"If, for instance, you want to show a glass of beer emptying itself, you first have to calculate precisely how much beer has to disappear with each frame of film that you shoot. There are nearly 1,500 frames to a minute of film.

"When you've made this calculation, you then expose your first frame with the glass full, suck out the required drops of beer with a straw, expose the next frame, suck out a few more drops, and so on. It's called stop-action photography. It can take a couple of days to shoot a minute of film this way."

Normally, Wooster and his colleagues want about three to four weeks to produce a commercial. This allows for the conferences, lengthy arguments and alterations which usually occur after the clients see the rough cut version of the advertisement.

Recently, the agents for a canned meat firm commissioned Film Partnership Limited to make a commercial which had to end with two pig-like grunts. After holding half a dozen unsatisfactory auditions, Wooster found that one of his own cutting-room assistants could give a most realistic imitation of a pig.

Wooster shot the film, added the sound track, and showed a rough cut to the advertisers and their agents. There followed prolonged committee meetings about the merits and demerits of the two grunts. One director wondered if they lowered the dignity of the canned meat. Another asked if they sounded authentic. After several days, Wooster, who believes that the "Onk-Onk" could rapidly become a national catchword, heard at last that his clients had decided to keep the grunts in the film.

Often Wooster has had to shoot some commercials in a hurry. On one occasion, a manufacturer who planned to launch a new cooking fat with a television advertising campaign heard that a competitor intended to forestall him with a similar scheme. The first man at once put his cooking fat into full production and asked Wooster to make a commercial in a week. Wooster completed the film in five days. "We beat the other fat on to the screen," says Wooster, "and, in fact, it has never appeared."

Commercials frequently call for unusual casting. One of Wooster's fellow directors recently sought a girl with "luscious lips and beautiful hands." Wooster had to film her mouth in close-up as she smoked a cigarette.

He has found that television demands no special techniques of the cameraman, but "you have to adjust the composition of the picture to the size of the screen, and to remember that the corners are rounded."

He has shown that the most costly productions do not necessarily turn out to be the most successful. Some time ago, he shot with Richard Dimbleby for the B.B.C. a forty-five minute feature programme about the Italian port of Genoa. With a limited budget, they had to complete the filming in fifteen days.

"We filmed every day from dawn to dusk, no matter what the weather. After taking some shots at sea, I filmed an interview on shore

straight from the boat to save time unloading the camera. It was one mad scramble. But the critics said it was one of the best documentaries they'd seen for a long time. We did it all on £3,000."

As his firm's chief cameraman, Wooster spends much of his time travelling. For industrial and educational films, apart from television, he has worked on locations over most of Europe, from Cyprus to the Shetland Islands. He has filmed from an Alpine peak and under the Mediterranean.

On the underwater assignment, he had to show naval frogmen carrying out a mock attack on a cruiser with limpet mines. The job presented unexpected technical difficulties. The cruiser to which the frogmen attached their mines lay in murky water. Wooster decided to shoot the sequence again in clearer water using the hull of a motor torpedo boat.

But when the frogmen made the attack, they had a shock when the limpet mines refused to stick, and fell to the seabed. "We had forgotten that the hull was all wood and aluminium. We tied some mines to the boat, hiding the ropes. Then I filmed the frogmen putting mines up to the hull, and cut to those we had tied on."

WOOSTER has filmed a lot at sea. On a variety of vessels, from a sailing boat to an aircraft carrier, he has worked in all weathers and never lost a piece of equipment overboard. Last year, however, filming on the calmest of days on the Norfolk Broads, he neglected to lash down a £300 tripod. He left it for a moment; next, there was a splash. Wooster dived repeatedly at the spot, but could not find the tripod. "We had to drag the bottom all the following morning before we found it."

In Italy, on one occasion, a car mounted the pavement where Wooster stood filming, narrowly missed him, and smashed his camera and tripod. He hired another camera and left for Switzerland to continue making the film, a production by Richard Dimbleby for B.B.C. Television.

At a frontier restaurant thieves took this second camera from Wooster's car. He watched through the night at the Customs, but in vain. A third camera was hired, and Wooster completed the film.

The robbery turned out to be a blessing in disguise. Wooster had not had time to test that camera, and when it had been recovered the two hundred feet of film which he had shot with it proved, on processing, to be out of phase with the shutter. If Wooster had continued to use the camera it would have ruined the entire production.

Arthur George Wooster has worked in films since he left school at sixteen. He first joined the Crown Film Unit as a clapper boy at Pinewood.

Wooster progressed quickly to the job of focus operator and, at the age of twenty, got his first opportunity as a picture cameraman when guerillas attacked a Crown Film Unit making a picture about the British Army in Malaya. One of the cameramen was wounded, and Wooster flew out to take his place.

On location in the Malayan jungle one day he saw a large beetle crawling across the picture in his viewfinder. Wooster stopped all operations, sat down and took his camera to pieces. He could not find the beetle; but he satisfied himself that it was trapped in the complex optical system of the viewfinder, not between the lens and the film.

"I carried on shooting with this dirty great insect walking across the picture all the time. Fortunately it turned out that he didn't spoil the film."

Later Wooster took the optical system apart and got the beetle out. "He must have got in there as an egg, and grown. He just couldn't have got in any other way." THE END

It took weeks to find the setting for this margarine television film. "Commercials pay well, but details must be exactly right"

Wooster, left, prepares to dive underwater with his special camera and a naval frogman. He was making films off Malta for a cigarette firm

New endeavour

Continued from page 9

always a bit afraid of Stella, but I must say she's really a very nice girl."

"Delightful!" John agreed, and put an affectionate arm round his wife's shoulders. "But I know somebody who's even more delightful. Only I daren't tell her that, or she'll think I want something."

Jessie let her head rest, momentarily, on his shoulder. "What is it, John?" she asked. He squeezed her arm. "Tell you later," he promised.

Maud's arrival, just before lunch, was accompanied by a far smaller cloud of dust than Henry's, and was far more leisurely, the little car bouncing over the corrugations and rocky outcrops before it came to rest and Maud emerged.

The mechanical smile with which she greeted her parents, and the exasperated manner in which she disentangled herself from the little car, showed how immersed she had been in her driving. But her weariness was not born only of her journey, for she wore weariness like a garment and her mouth, often petulant, was now almost sullen.

Affection began to show in her eyes as she kissed her parents with a fondness that became almost clinging.

"I can't tell you how thrilled I was at your news. I just had to come," she said. She looked around her with scarcely hidden distaste. "It's such a relief to think of you both being able to go wherever you like now. Phil and I were thrilled. And the children."

"How are they?" Jessie asked eagerly.

"Oh, all right." Maud spoke without enthusiasm. "Willie's had measles, and Doris fell off her bicycle and hurt herself and had to have penicillin injections. And then she proved allergic to penicillin, so now she's on one of those awful drugs that cost pounds."

"Never mind, dear," Jessie soothed. "They'll get over it. How's Phil?"

"He's got tick fever. That's why I couldn't come sooner. We had to go on a wretched picnic. Business, of course. You have to keep in with people. And that's what we got for our trouble."

HER parents commiserated briefly. They had long ago given up trying to discover what Maud had seen in Phil. Then for a while they talked at random, finding pleasure in little reminiscences while John deliberately avoided noticing what was so obvious—that Maud was more and more strained and cantankerous each time he saw her.

She had worries that he and Jessie had never experienced, for everybody had been poor in their young days. You had taken for granted the backveld makeshifts that did until the harvest was in, or times improved.

"Have you thought what you'll do with the money?" Maud asked presently, painfully trying to disguise an anxious interest.

"Invest it," John replied easily. "Henry says that's what we must do."

"Oh, Henry! But you'll keep back a little to—just to celebrate?" Maud suggested with a tentative air.

"Henry," John told her firmly, "says we must invest the lot."

"What! All of it?"

"Every penny. Then we'll be rich all our lives on the interest."

"But surely you want to spend a little, buy something special, give yourselves a nice holiday?" Maud protested, and Jessie looked at her daughter with renewed affection. She had been a little vexed with Henry for not seeing what an immense amount of fun could be got out of just squandering a thousand or so.

John, who had intended from the start to give Maud a generous slice of the money, thought to himself: "Now I wonder what's up? Damn it, there's always something with Maud."

It was as if he had seen inside Maud's mind, which at that moment was labouring under the stress of a dozen preoccupations—the high cost of city life, the need to send the children to expensive schools since all their friends did that, the doctors' bills, expensive sundowner parties, smart clothes that were essential for her husband's business prestige.

She was fond of her parents, pleased with their good fortune; but she had hoped it would not be necessary to explain things to them. She had hoped that they would understand. After all, they were her parents; why shouldn't they help her?

Why not? After Maud had gone the next day Jessie said: "Why not? After all, Maud does have rather a hard time of it."

John said nothing, thinking of the years and years when Jessie had had a far harder time and had gloried in it. But for the next few days the old couple were oddly subdued. The exhilaration was there still, but there was something else, which they tried to hide from each other. A sense of desolation.

Isilingo had been their life; the world outside seemed so frighteningly empty. They had had occasional holidays in the south; always they had come home earlier than they planned because they pined for the quiet welcome of the waiting farm, for the infinite peace and timelessness of their own land. . . .

At the end of a week John spoke his thoughts. He said: "I'm seventy-two next month. I've got a son and a daughter. My son's forty-five and my daughter's forty-two and they're both damned well old enough to look out for themselves. But I've got somebody else—and she isn't able to look out for herself. She's a slip of a thing that needs taking care of and I'm jolly well going to take care of her.

"I'm not going to go trailing her around the world on cruises where she'd be just plain miserable after the first week because she couldn't go and boss up the boys in the kitchen or do any of the things she's used to doing. And I'm not sticking her into some poky little house in the Cape or anywhere else. No. I'm going to offer her something else."

Jessie, bewildered a little by this sudden spate of words, held her breath. Then she said softly: "What—what are you going to offer her, John?"

He smiled, drew a long breath, and told her.

The next few days were a whirl of activity. They drove to town—the tiny country dorp of one wide street, seventy miles away, that was their metropolis. They scurried about, went into offices, came out clutching sheaves of papers. And then they vanished into the blue. When finally they reached home, three days later, reluctantly acknowledging a certain weariness but indomitable still, they set about what had to be done.

They told nobody. They were secretive and agog with excitement and full of impatience yet terrified that they would not get everything done in time; or that Henry or Maud would arrive to interfere with their plans. Even at their final sundowner party, to take leave of friends and neighbours, they remained secretive.

So they reached the final day.

"Fifty years," John said, getting out of bed with alacrity. "Quite a time, fifty years. Well, my sweet, here goes!"

He dressed, swiftly as always. He padded out on to the stoep and Jessie, lying just a little longer, could hear him bawling to the boys. She could hear the lowing of oxen, the creak of harness, the rumble of wagon wheels. She lay back, closing her eyes, and

BOOKS—1

Books and friends should be few and good.

George Herbert

fifty years faded away, she was listening again, for the first time in her life, to all the unfamiliar sounds, the thrilling, incredible sounds of early morning on the veld. When she rose, the dream was still with her and her heart thumped painfully.

"I'm nearly seventy," she kept saying to herself. "I'm an old, old woman. I ought to be sitting quietly in a corner, knitting for my grandchildren."

For the last time she called John to breakfast in the big dining room, now stripped nearly bare. They ate with a pretence of calmness, as they had eaten on that morning fifty years ago. But with every few mouthfuls their eyes sought each other, Jessie's blue ones glowing with a warm excitement and faith, John's grey ones twinkling with all the sense of fun that had carried him through fifty years of struggle to a triumphant denial of old age. Then they rose and hand in hand went out, for the last time, on to the familiar stoep.

The oxen stood quietly, steaming a little in the early morning chill. Behind them—there were eighteen in the span—the great ox wagon was piled high. The *voerloper* stood waiting, a hand on the right-hand leader's rein. The driver, a grizzled veteran, held his long whip proudly, and solemnly raised his right hand in greeting.

"*Nkos! Nkosakazi!*"

"Good morning, Tulapi. *Zonke yena longile?* Everything's all right?"

"*Zonke, nkos.*"

John smiled at him and the old bossboy smiled back, a slow smile that appreciated the joke as much as his master did. Then came the roar of the tractor, towing a heavy train—the second ox wagon, a trailer loaded with implements, finally the planter. John spoke to the driver. "You know the road?"

"Yes, *nkos*. I know it well."

The old car was also laden John held the door for Jessie, then took the wheel. He waved to the boys and a whip cracked and harness creaked and great wheels rumbled. Then the tractor roared into life again and the move began.

John felt a gentle pressure on his arm. Jessie had slid along the leather seat and her fingers crept under his upper arm and were squeezing it gently.

She covered her fingers with her other hand, embracing his arm, and laid her cheek on his shoulder for a long moment. Then she withdrew a little, still keeping hold of him, and gave a happy sigh.

"You were quite right, John," she said in a tender voice. "You always used to say that only the body got old. That you still felt just the same no matter how old you got. Oh, John. . . !"

Her voice broke. She controlled it swiftly. She said: "They'd have spoiled everything. They'd have taken everything from us, all our life, our quietude, the peace and calm we've always known. The feeling of timelessness. Everything except the money, and the money doesn't matter.

"What matters is we're starting out, just you and I together, to make a new home for ourselves, to have our own life. The way we want it. Just like we did before. We called it Isilingo—Endeavour. What shall we call this new farm, John?"

He replied promptly. "Isilingotya. New Endeavour. It's a good name, because we're in for plenty of work. It's a good farm, but it's been badly neglected."

She squeezed his arm. "John——"

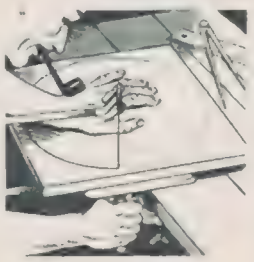
"Yes, my darling?"

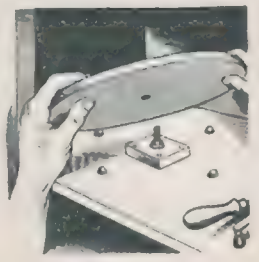
"I feel just the same. Just like fifty years ago. I feel I'm only seventeen."

He smiled. Then, as he felt Jessie relax, all the old tenderness, the sense of wonder, came back so strongly that his lips quivered and his eyes, beneath their heavy fringe of white eyebrows, blurred with tears. THE END

Make yourself at home

All over Britain householders are finding ingenious ways of brightening and easing their home lives. Each week, JOHN BULL will pay five guineas for the best original and practical do-it-yourself hint sent in by a reader. An example is shown below. Step by step illustrations by Stanley Herbert will show a typical family following the reader's advice. Send your hints to: "Make Yourself At Home," JOHN BULL, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.





A REVOLVING shelf has solved the space problem in my pantry. Now I can reach jars at the back without knocking things over. My husband first cut a circular wooden turntable 1 in. thick. Then he countersank a 1¼ in. by ¼ in. bolt into a block of wood 3 in. by 3 in. and ¼ in. thick. He mounted the block at the centre of the shelf and fitted four furniture glides to the shelf to make the turntable revolve smoothly and evenly. Washers above and below the turntable completed a neat job.

DULUX
GLOSS FINISH
DULUX
EGGSHELL FINISH
DULUX
FLAT FINISH
DU-LITE
EMULSION PAINT
ICI
FINE PAINTS — FINE DECORATION ...
Backed by the technical resources of I.C.I.
ICI

Post your films to...

Will R. Rose LTD

23 BRIDGE STREET ROW, CHESTER

PHOTOGRAPHIC PROCESSORS FOR OVER 50 YEARS

Get our speciality MAGNA PRINTS (regd.)
And pay when the work is done.

ALSO AT 133/134 HIGH STREET, OXFORD & 25 THE PROMENADE, CHELTENHAM

Wizards at War

Continued from page 17

come hurtling over the brow and crush us all to death,'" recalls Klemantaski.

But the seconds passed, and nothing happened. So they crawled back up the stony slope. From the crest of the ridge they saw an amazing sight.

The Great Panjandrum was in its death-throes. It had swung back to seaward and crashed over on its side on the sand. This had smothered the rockets which were underneath, but the others continued to explode, wrenching and distorting the whole frame until the remainder burst from their fittings and screamed off along the beach in every direction, some vainly pursued by the airedale dog.

When the pyrotechnics were over, and the awestruck admirals, generals, and scientists descended cautiously to the beach, all that remained of the Great Panjandrum was a twisted and blackened mass of wreckage. Round it lapped the incoming tide.

Various eminent authorities were consulted, but it proved impossible to overcome the Panjandrum's major defects, and the project was reluctantly abandoned.

The official reason for the genesis of the Great Panjandrum may never be told. Even today there is still some mystery about it, for the beaches ultimately assaulted by the Allies in Normandy had no Atlantic Wall defence. The proposal may well have been put up in the hope that it would leak out to the enemy, thus convincing them that we intended to attack that part of the coast where such walls had already been built.

But the Wheezers and Dodgers' work on the North Devon coast was turned to good account. It stimulated research in the department on a much more tractable engine of war, the Alligator, and before long this amphibious counterpart of the Great Panjandrum was swimming happily in the Solent.

Alligator was an amphibious vehicle, originally designed for rescue work in the Everglades swamps of Florida. It had tracks like a tank, and on these were little scoop-like spades which propelled it slowly through the water. The Americans had shipped many of these odd-looking beasts over to Britain, but so far they had not found a use for them. The Wheezers and Dodgers now proposed to mount on the bows of this amphibian a "mattress" containing a ton of high explosive. This would be held by two hydraulic rams, which would press it firmly against a wall or any other type of obstruction it encountered.

When the Alligator was ready for its first test, the department looked round for a target on which to try out the hydraulic system. Near the London works where the amphibian had been developed they found a suitable ten-foot wall.

To reach it, they had to drive the Alligator across the Great West Road and down a bank on the far side. The amphibian was so vast that they could not get it round the traffic island outside the works, and after several abortive attempts they sent for the police. The by-pass was then closed to traffic for half an hour, and the great beast was manoeuvred slowly to its destination.

This first trial went well. The hydraulic rams exerted such pressure that the whole vehicle, which weighed eleven tons, was pushed slowly backwards.

Next, the radio control apparatus was installed that was to guide the Alligator from its landing craft to the enemy shore. Then the Wheezers and Dodgers decided to take it for a cross-country run in Richmond Park.

They squeezed through the gateway into Richmond Park with three-eighths of an inch clearance on either side. Waiting for them was a Ford station wagon fitted with the radio control apparatus, and for the first time they sent the Alligator away on its own, guiding it on a complex route in and out of the trees.

After modifications had been made, the great beast was taken by road to Westward Ho! There the remote control system was converted so that it could be directed from the air, and it was driven in and out of the sea, and up and down the beach, guided entirely by one of the team flying high above the Devon coast in an Auster.

From Westward Ho! they moved back to the south coast for extensive sea trials under the supervision of a Wheezers and Dodgers' officer named Alec Menhinick.

ON the day of their arrival in the Solent the weather was foul, with blinding rain, and Menhinick, in charge of the rolling and pitching monster, was relieved when a small landing craft came out to Hamble Spit to meet them, and help them to turn round in the river.

He was surprised to see that the crew of the landing craft consisted of two Wren ratings, and when the Alligator was safely moored he invited them aboard the L.C.T. which was serving as parent ship to the amphibian. They looked as if they needed a hot drink, for they were soaked to the skin.

One of them, known to her friends as Spiffy, eventually arrived in the tiny wardroom of the tank landing craft. Her hair was plastered down with rain, her jersey and serge steamed gently in the reviving warmth of the small cabin, and the water dripped from a pair of tattered plimsolls on to the piece of matting proudly described as the wardroom carpet.

The Wren apologized for her bedraggled appearance, but Alec Menhinick thought that she looked uncommonly attractive. A few weeks later they were married.

The Alligator was now attached to H.M.S. Tormentor, the small craft base in the Hamble, and in the ensuing trials Menhinick had the department's own tank landing craft, L.C.T. 2119, at his disposal. The Alligator was carried in this, and the small landing craft, commanded by Menhinick's future wife, acted as escort and tender. In it Menhinick made a number of journeys across the Solent to negotiate with the local authorities at Ryde, for he discovered that just outside the town was a sea wall which would serve admirably as a target for the amphibian's steering trials.

Each time he went to Ryde the landing craft made fast to the end of the pier. It never occurred to Menhinick that he was not following a perfectly normal procedure until one afternoon when the commanding officer of the landing craft flotilla arrived on board bearing a staggering bill from the Southern Railway for berthing charges at £2 a time.

"Look here, Menhinick," he said. "I can't possibly sign this."

"Oh, that's all right," said Menhinick with reckless optimism. "I can . . . just leave it to me!"

He signed the bill with a flourish, and posted it to Waterloo Station. The Southern Railway accounts department were still puzzling over the identity of the organization which had so readily accepted liability for their berthing charges when the war ended.

The sea trials of the Alligator in the Solent brought the most alarming misadventures, and the amphibian was nearly lost on one occasion when returning from the target wall at Ryde. It had almost reached its parent ship when the engine stalled, and a large wave hurled it against the stern of the L.C.T.

As soon as the mattress struck the side of the ship the hydraulic rams were operated and the heavy explosive compartment—fortunately filled with

BOOKS—2

The oldest books are only just out to those who have not read them.

Samuel Butler

"I'm sure the paper will be here *soon*"

harmless ballast—was carried forward. For a second or two the Alligator seemed about to do a crash dive. Although it then steadied itself, it remained at a terrifying angle.

With the weather blowing up Menhinick thought it was highly unlikely that he could keep his charge afloat, but after the V.I.P.s watching the trials had been ferried ashore the L.C.T. began to tow him slowly towards the Hamble River. The voyage lasted all night, and ashore Wren Menhinick, just married to the Alligator's helmsman, spent an anxious vigil.

In the end the Alligator passed all its trials but, exasperatingly enough for the Wheezers and Dodgers who had created this strange and menacing craft, it suffered the same fate as the Panjandrum. No promising targets could be spied for it on the Normandy coast, and although development continued in the hope that it could be used in the Far East, it never found an enemy stronghold to destroy.

Side by side with its work on powerful engines of destruction, the department was busy on a variety of subsidiary, but vital, tasks. One job was to help the small parties of men who paddled ashore in the darkness, landing on the beaches of Holland, Belgium and France. Their job was to find out which parts of the enemy coast were most vulnerable to a landing in strength. Since they carried out their work right under the noses of the Germans it was impossible to use any of the normal surveying methods. And the task had to be done in complete silence.

Combined Ops therefore asked the Wheezers and Dodgers to devise a Beach Gradient Meter. They wanted a small truck which they could push up and down the beach, and which would record on a paper drum inside it a graph of the slope.

To their request they added a pathetic little footnote. It was most important, they said, that the wheels should not squeak.

The Wheezers and Dodgers produced this device for them, and by walking about in the darkness, and pushing the wheeled cart before them, the surveying parties were able to secure a complete contoured map of the beach areas they visited.

WHEN one of the department's officers returned from a visit to the United States, he mentioned to Norway that enterprising boat builders in Florida were turning out small craft made entirely of Perspex to allow holidaymakers to view the wonders of the deep from the surface.

One particularly interesting fact had emerged. When such a boat was a hundred yards from the shore it became invisible; the occupants appeared to be sliding over the water with no obvious means of support.

It seemed to the department that such a craft might be ideal for landing agents on an alien shore. They therefore made a Perspex boat of their own, nine feet long and two feet in the beam, and Norway was told to find a suitably secret place for trials.

At that time he had a house on Hayling Island, with a garden running down to a sea creek off Chichester Harbour. At the foot of the garden was a secluded boat-house, and the Perspex dinghy was taken there for observation tests.

These showed that the Florida story was well founded. In bright sunlight, with a clear blue sky and blue sea, the boat was practically invisible. It was equally difficult to detect at night with a black sky and black sea. But in overcast conditions, against a background of white clouds and a dull, leaden-coloured sea, the dinghy showed up disconcertingly plainly, reflecting the sky and looking almost glaringly white. In spite of this snag, however, the very hush-hush organization which dealt with the landing of agents seemed most impressed by the trials, and it spirited the boat away to use for its own mysterious ventures.

MEANWHILE, another department officer, John Dove, had been at work on a quite different kind of craft at Dover. To attack the German shipping which crept round Cap Gris-Nez at night he had devised an explosive motor-boat. It needed no crew, for it was the complete robot. Under radio control it could start itself, slip from its moorings unaided, and set off on a gyro course, plotted by the radar sets which directed the big guns at Dover.

Dove brought it up the Thames to demonstrate it to Captain Jeans, who had succeeded Jock Davies as the administrative head of the Wheezers and Dodgers. On that memorable occasion something went wrong with the remote control system, and the boat charged the wall below the Houses of Parliament. But Dove eventually induced the robot mechanism to work with such uncanny accuracy that the craft could be homed on to a target twenty miles away with an error of a mere twenty yards.

Perhaps the most important of the department's minor tasks at this time was the development of cliff-scaling gear. Long before serious preparation for the invasion began, Combined Operations had called for a device which would throw a grapnel on to the top of a cliff two hundred feet high, trailing a rope which the Commandos could use to climb to the headland. This request was passed to Nevil Shute Norway for investigation.

Plans were soon prepared. A rocket was fitted with a pronged grapnel to bite into the ground on the cliff-top. Five hundred feet of stout climbing rope were attached to it. The device functioned perfectly. At the north-east corner of Portland Bill the team found a suitable cliff to experiment on, and there they gave a demonstration to a

Advertisement

READERS UNION

for Adventure in Reading!

Thousands of JOHN BULL readers have found an exciting new world of ideas and achievement, have built *lasting* home libraries—thanks to Readers Union. RU covers a wider range of interests, chooses more permanent books from more publishers, and devotes greater care to the design and illustration of its books than any other book club. If your interest is in biography, history, popular science, fine fiction, adventure or travel (anything but best-selling literary cheesecake), RU offers you *your kind of books*—at a fraction of normal cost. Each monthly book costs only 5s 6d instead of anything up to 25s.!

And there's wide freedom of choice, too. In this programme there are no less than SEVEN additional-optional books. Here, at a very great saving, is an authoritative growing home library of permanent value. It can be on your shelves if you join now (and it may be some time before you see our advertisement again).

MONTHLY CHOICES • 5'6 EACH

THE LIFE OF KATHLEEN FERRIER by WINIFRED FERRIER. The authorized biography of the great English singer. "This is a story moving in its simplicity."—*Daily Mail.* OCTOBER **5s. 6d.** (**Saving 9s. 6d.**)

THE ACCEPTANCE WORLD by ANTHONY POWELL. A novel of London society in the inter-war years. "The most exciting experiment in post-war English fiction."—*The Observer.* JULY **5s. 6d.** (**Saving 7s.**)

TRIAL BY SASSWOOD by ESTHER WARNER. Specially illustrated by Joss. "A warm, funny and wonderful book" wrote the *New Yorker* of this study of West African tribal life. AUGUST **5s. 6d.** (**Saving 10s. 6d.**)

MEMOIRS OF HADRIAN by MARGUERITE YOURCENAR. The life and times of the great Roman Emperor described in "One of the most remarkable historical novels for many years."—*The Times Literary Supplement.* SEPTEMBER **5s. 6d.** (**Saving 9s. 6d.**)

APES, ANGELS AND VICTORIANS by WILLIAM IRVINE. A biography of Darwin and Huxley, the rebels who challenged the beliefs of a generation. "Brilliant, amusing, instructive."—*Daily Telegraph.* NOVEMBER **5s. 6d.** (**Saving 15s. 6d.**)

THE WISE MAN FROM THE WEST by VINCENT CRONIN. The exciting story of the explorer-missionary who was probably the first European to visit China. "Outstanding."—Honor Tracy. DECEMBER **5s. 6d.** (**Saving 12s. 6d.**)

PAST CHOICES

Still Available

Still Digging *by* SIR MORTIMER WHEELER. *Normally* 15s.; **RU 5s. 6d.**

The Bombard Story *by* ALAIN BOMBARD. *Deutsch* 12s. 6d.; **RU 5s. 6d.**

The Overloaded Ark *by* GERALD M. DURRELL. *Normally* 15s.; **RU 5s. 6d.**

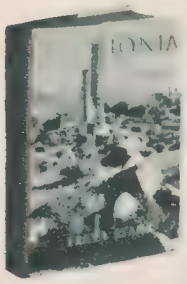
The Great Escape *by* PAUL BRICKHILL. *Normally* 10s. 6d.; **RU 5s. 6d.**

Slide Rule *by* NEVIL SHUTE. *Normally* 18s.; **RU 5s. 6d.**

The Wilder Shores of Love *by* LESLEY BLANCH. *Normally* 15s.; **RU 5s. 6d.**

MANY OPTIONAL BOOK BARGAINS

Members of RU are also offered free choice from an ever-changing list of optional book bargains. On one or two alone you will save the cost of a six months' subscription.



THE OXFORD ATLAS "A magnificent achievement."—*Twentieth Century.* 112 pages of maps, 50,000 place names. NEARLY OUT OF PRINT. JULY RU **27s.** (**Saving 23s.**)

MAJOR THOMPSON LIVES IN FRANCE by *Pierre Daninos.* Illustrated by Walter Goetz. The famous humorous study of life on both sides of the Channel. "Brilliant."—*Daily Express.* AUGUST RU **5s. 6d.** (**Saving 4s.**)

THE NOBLE SAVAGE *A life of Paul Gauguin* by *L. & E. Hanson.* The famous painter's life from Montmartre to the island of Tahiti. SEPTEMBER RU **10s. 6d.** (**Saving 10s. 6d.**)

IONIA: *A Quest* by *Freya Stark.* Travels in the Asia Minor of past and present. "Made even more invaluable by her magnificent photographs."—*The Times.* OCTOBER RU **12s. 6d.** (**Saving 17s. 6d.**)

THE ENGLISH MEDIAEVAL PARISH CHURCH by *G. H. Cook.* A masterly survey of England's 9,000 ancient churches. "Scholarly, complete, readable."—*The Daily Telegraph.* 180 plates and 70 plans and diagrams. NOVEMBER RU **18s.** (**Saving 18s.**)

MAN ON EARTH by *Jacquetta Hawkes.* Human evolution seen by a poet who is also an archaeologist and an anthropologist. "Essential reading for all who care about mankind's condition."—*Daily Telegraph.* DECEMBER RU **9s. 6d.** (**Saving 11s. 6d.**)

THE BOOK OF BEASTS by *T. H. White.* A translation of a 12th-century work on natural history. "Delightful, humane, sympathetic, charming."—Ivor Brown. Beautifully illustrated. DECEMBER RU **15s.** (**Saving 17s. 6d.**)

JOIN READERS UNION HERE

To *READERS UNION*, 38 *William IV Street, Charing Cross, London, W.C.2* (or hand to your bookseller)

I will join READERS UNION from.....(month), buy 6 consecutive monthly choices and then give 1 month's notice if I resign.

☐ **U.K.** I will pay 5s. 6d. (plus 9d. postage) for each monthly book on receipt.

☐ **U.K.** I enclose 37s. 6d. for 6 monthly books. *Prices including postage and packing.*

☐ **Overseas and Eire.** I enclose 36s. for 6 monthly books.

☐ Please note my order for the Past Choices/Additionals I have ticked. 332

Name.....
(Clearly please)
Address.....

SPECIAL OFFER

The Ascent of Everest
by Sir JOHN HUNT

The unabridged and beautifully illustrated story of how the greatest mountain in the world was conquered. With 8 colour gravure plates and 16 in black and white. *Normally* 25s.; **RU 5s. 6d.**

Roll up...
Roll up...for
Weston's
ROUNDABOUTS
-the greatest 'buy' on earth!
Beat the big drum—Weston's Roundabouts are here! Crisp biscuit topped with jam-filled marshmallow and circled with melt-in-the-mouth milk chocolate . . . gosh, they're good. And, at only 2d., such marvellous value! Ask for Weston's Roundabouts right away.
Chocolate-coated magic circles of mallow, jam & biscuit
ONLY 2D EACH
And in colourful cartons of six at 1/-
MADE EXCLUSIVELY BY THE WESTON BISCUIT COMPANIES OF GREAT BRITAIN AND NORTHERN IRELAND

FAST, SAFE
RELIEF
FROM
ACID INDIGESTION
IN JUST A MATTER OF MINUTES
Just chew a couple of *'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets—by correcting acidity they bring really fast and completely safe relief from heartburn, flatulence and all other forms of acid indigestion. You'll find they taste just as nice as peppermints—and are so convenient to have with you at all times.
10½d.—12 Tablets 1/7— 30
3/2 —75 ,, 5/3—150
MILK OF MAGNESIA TABLETS
'MILK of MAGNESIA'
TABLETS
REGD.
*'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

party of Commando officers. In quite a short time half a dozen ropes were dangling down the cliff face, and ready to be climbed, but the Commando officers — powerfully built, broad-shouldered and athletic young men—showed only mild interest.

One or two of them were persuaded to climb to the cliff top, but when Norway asked afterwards if they wanted the device to be put into production they said cautiously that that was probably a matter for their commanding general. They would have to go back and write out a report. No doubt, they said, the department would hear more in due course.

Eventually the Wheezers and Dodgers were informed that while the Rocket Grapnel was considered very interesting, it was now felt that in an actual assault it would be preferable to capture such positions by landing airborne troops on the cliff head.

THE Rocket Grapnel was shelved and for a time the department forgot all about it. Several months later, Alec Menhinick visited Freshwater in the Isle of Wight, and to his surprise he found a party of Commandos laboriously scaling a high cliff.

They had with them a Swiss guide, dressed in British Army uniform. His job was to climb the cliff first with an ice axe, and carry up a rope which could be made fast at the top.

Menhinick asked innocently why they were not using the Rocket Grapnel, and when he explained how it worked the Commandos said they thought it was a marvellous idea. Why, they asked, had no one ever told them about it? The discarded apparatus was therefore reclaimed from the store, and a team which included Robin Byng, Menhinick and Ronald Eades held a series of trials near Beachy Head. First of all they fired up a wire bridle and a rope with loops for hand and footholds. Then they experimented with a more ambitious version—a fifty-foot rope ladder under which hung three hundred feet of doubled line. Seated in a bowline, the climber could be hauled up as far as the ladder by men on the beach below.

Menhinick and Eades used to paddle out to sea in a dory which had a small rocket projector clamped to its side. They found it safest to lie flat on their faces when the rockets went off.

Inevitably there were minor mishaps. On one occasion the Wheezers and Dodgers put a rocket through the bedroom window of a cottage near the cliff tops. On another, Menhinick was trying out the bowline at Birling Gap on the Sussex coast when he got his battledress caught fast in the block at the foot of the rope ladder. And there he hung, a hundred feet up the cliff face and unable to move in any direction. He was out of sight of the team below, but he was spotted by a U.S. film cameraman suspended in a bos'n's chair and taking pictures farther along the cliff. This man signalled to the beach party and the exhausted Menhinick was cut free.

The most spectacular incident occurred, however, when the Rocket Grapnel was almost at the end of its trials and ready for service.

In April, 1944, a demonstration was staged for Brigadier Lord Lovat, the Commando chief, at Tennyson Down, in the Isle of Wight. This time Byng, Menhinick and Eades all went out in the dory, which was then anchored by the stern some distance off shore. They fired the first rocket, and when the grapnel had safely engaged Byng volunteered to make the initial ascent.

Grasping the rope he stepped off the bow. He had forgotten to allow for the slack in the line, and he disappeared instantly below the surface, only his cap remaining in sight. A second or two later he came up coughing and spluttering, and, undismayed, began the long climb from the sea to the headland.

By the time he had got half-way the amount of sea water that he had swallowed on top of a lobster lunch began to tell, and he was almost at the end of his endurance when he saw an inviting, grassy ledge on the face of the cliff.

Thankfully, he hauled himself on to this and lay down to rest. The minutes went by, and the party on the cliff top could be seen peering anxiously downwards.

There was no sign of the climber; only Menhinick and Eades, out at sea, could see what had happened. The ledge on which Byng had subsided had a sharp overhang, and he could get no farther. So he was taking a short nap before making his descent. And there he remained quite happily on his insecure perch until the spring sunshine had dried his saturated uniform.

It was only a few weeks later that the U.S. Rangers used the Rocket Grapnel with spectacular success in their D-Day assault on a German coast battery commanding the Normandy assault beaches of Omaha and Utah. Before then, however, Byng had helped to evolve another and far more elaborate kind of cliff-scaling apparatus.

ONE day in that spring of 1944 a sapper captain named Holmes called on Merryweathers, the fire-engine firm. He asked if it would be possible to instal and operate one of their hundred-foot telescopic steel ladders in a Duck—an American amphibious truck. At first sight this seemed out of the question. Merryweathers pointed out that the standard fire-fighting ladder and its mechanism weighed five tons, and a rough calculation showed that if it was to be installed in a small amphibious craft the weight would have to be cut by half.

When they went further into the problem, however, they found that by discarding the normal turntable and winch and using a different raising mechanism they could reduce the overall weight very substantially. Some tests were carried out with the Brighton Fire Brigade's hundred-foot turntable ladder lashed to a landing craft. Then the Admiralty took over, and to the Wheezers and Dodgers fell the task of progressing the job. Byng startled the firm by announcing that five of the

Meet Jeanne Heal
whose charming personality is so well known on the TV and cinema screen. Journalist, radio, film, and TV compere, documentary film writer, she has her own programme on TV—and leads a very busy life

BIG, FREE COMPETITION

FREE HOLIDAYS ABROAD! • £50 CASH PRIZE

5 BRAND NEW REMINGTON PORTABLES

"I like this new Remington competition," says JEANNE HEAL
"It's fair; it's easy; it's more than a guessing game. Intelligence really does count. Yours could quite easily win you one of these big prizes!"

What you do. Get a free entry form from your local Remington dealer. You'll find Jeanne Heal is one of six celebrities supporting this competition who all use Remington portables. *You* have to guess who owns which Remington—just by recognising their hands on a Remington. And you're given clues! *Then* write up to 50 words telling why you'd choose a Remington. Your dealer will help you with a free demonstration of the latest models.

Whose hands? Whose

REMINGTON?

No fly can live in this room!

A FEW SHORT BURSTS with a 'LOREXANE' aerosol make a room deadly to flies for hours on end! 'LOREXANE' contains Gamma BHC, a powerful insecticide that is lethal to flying pests but will not harm domestic animals or human beings.

No more hit and miss methods! A 'LOREXANE' aerosol is the modern way to get rid of flying insect pests. It's ready for immediate use—and is economical too. A medium sized tin, used as directed, will last the average household throughout the summer.

Ask for

'LOREXANE'

AEROSOL INSECT SPRAY

—contains Gamma BHC, a most deadly insecticide

In handy tins, ranging from 5/- to 10/6

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL (PHARMACEUTICALS) LTD., WILMSLOW, CHESHIRE
A subsidiary company of Imperial Chemical Industries Limited

LOR4

When you're watching the game—

bring out the Bulmer's!

A summer day, a cricket match, and Bulmer's Cider—how well they go together! Bulmer's is always delicious, refreshing, invigorating: perfect on its own or with food. And the big five-glass flagon goes such a long way!

You can always afford to drink

BULMER'S Cider

NEW To meet a popular demand—Bulmer's bring you *Extra*-Sweet Cider. Enjoy *Extra*-Sweet Cider to-day. It costs no more than Bulmer's famous Woodpecker Cider.

H. P. BULMER & COMPANY LIMITED, HEREFORD

Their thoughts in the sky, their feet on the ground, aircrew blend courage with careful skill.

Per ardua...ad astra. *It is not easy to fly with the R.A.F., to lead others, to shoulder great responsibilities while still young. But in the lasting satisfaction of this immensely worthwhile career...*

great effort finds great reward

A YOUNG MAN'S DREAM may dwell on flying — on the exhilarating challenge in the airy spaces of sky. His common sense tends to call him back to earth — to consider the future and the building of a career.

Feet on the ground. In the Royal Air Force today you can satisfy both these demands — and the new appointment of Air Electronics Officers means more can now fly. These highly skilled men are trained to be responsible for all the electronic devices in the new V-bombers. But aircrew are much more than flyers. They are often seconded for other important work in Britain and abroad. Training others, international liaison, aircraft development — these are but some of the jobs that may come your way. And responsibility grows fast. You can be a Group Captain while in your early forties, responsible for perhaps 1,500 men and several squadrons of modern aircraft. Beyond that? There is no limit. Quality counts in the R.A.F. and there will always be room at the top for good men.

A sure future — good pay. You can join the R.A.F. through the Direct Commission Scheme, confident of a permanent career right up to pension age. Or you can choose a twelve year engagement, with the option of leaving after eight. If you leave after 12 years you take back to civilian life a tax-free gratuity of £4,000! Whichever you choose the pay is good. At the new rates, a Flight Lieutenant of 25 for instance, can draw, with full allowances, about £1,500 a year.

Present action — future perfect. Travel, adventure, opportunity, achievement . . . here is a unique chance to blend them all in the satisfaction of a great career. Are you qualified to grasp it?

How to fly with the R.A.F. You must be between 17½ and 26 and absolutely fit. You must have General Certificate of Education or Scottish Leaving Certificate or their equivalents. You must be able to lead others, and you must have aptitude as well as enthusiasm for flying. If you feel you have all these qualities, write at once for details of the schemes of entry to the Air Ministry (J.B.305), Adastral House, London, W.C.1. Give date of birth and educational qualifications.

RESPONSIBILITY. To fly with the R.A.F. is to work with the most dependable men in the world, confident and well qualified for each of the many calls on their skill and initiative.

AND RELAXATION. Work over, pleasure begins. Gliding, yachting, winter sports — these and many other privileged pastimes link up with a social life that is full and varied.

The Royal Air Force
Flying ...and a career

special ladders must be ready in six weeks. Normally such an order would have taken nine months to carry out.

Three days inside the stipulated time the last of the ladders was ready. They were highly ingenious affairs, each one having two machine-guns mounted at its head, special shields of armour plating to give some protection to the gunners, and a beach to cliff-top telephone. The ladders themselves could be raised to their full height in the brief time it took the craft to clamber from the sea and race across the beach to the cliffs.

It had been impressed on the Greenwich firm that absolute secrecy was vital, and although five hundred men and women worked in the factory while these unusual fire escapes were being built not a hint of their purpose reached the outside world.

Early one morning they were taken from the works, their shape disguised by a dummy framework of baulks of timber, and driven westward to North Devon. There they underwent successful trials. A few weeks later they were used in action on the Normandy coast.

Not long after the task was completed a flying bomb landed in Greenwich. It scored a direct hit on the factory, laying it in ruins.

As the invasion drew near an important factor in future planning was seen to be the speed with which the port of Cherbourg could be restored to use. It was bound to be heavily sown with delayed-action mines and booby traps which could not be swept in the ordinary way, and these would have to be tackled individually by frogmen.

The more Charles Goodeve—formerly the scientific head of the Wheezers and Dodgers, and now the director of the navy's whole scientific research programme—thought about this, the more it worried him. There seemed to be no alternative, but he was convinced that the frogmen volunteering for this task would have little chance of surviving underwater explosions unless they could be provided with some form of protective clothing.

Eventually he put the problem to C. L. G. Pratt, the medical officer in charge of the navy's physiological laboratory.

"I know we can't protect these chaps against an explosion at very short range," he said, "but we must find a way of reducing the risk. Do you think you can design some sort of suit which will give at least a measure of protection against underwater blast?"

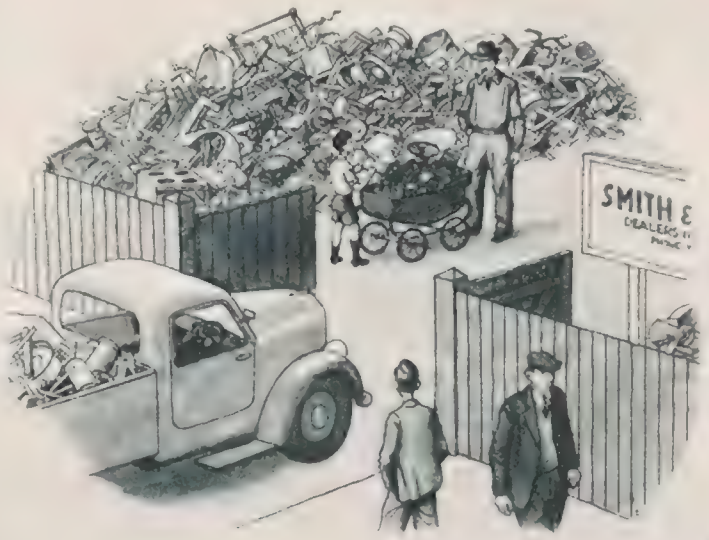
"How long can you give us?" Pratt asked. "If we were going to tackle a job like that thoroughly in peacetime, it might take anything up to two years."

Goodeve thought for a moment. "You've only got six weeks," he said. "In that time the suits must be tested, made and distributed. I know it's a tall order, but you'll have to do your best. . . ."

Later that day Pratt's colleague Dr. S. L. Cowan came to see Goodeve. "I have already made a signal to C-in-C, Portsmouth asking for volunteers to act as guinea pigs for you," Goodeve

Spot the Lawbreaker

Somewhere in this scene, the law is being broken. Can you see where? A barrister gives the answer on page 38



DRAWN BY RONALD LAMPITT

told him. "The department will get you anything you need in the way of equipment."

Pratt and Cowan wasted no time. In the third week of April experiments began at Horsea Island—in Portsmouth Harbour—where there was a deep sea-water lake a thousand yards long. After exhaustive tests with gauges Pratt drew up a programme of trials with human subjects. The aim was to expose each man to a series of explosions, increasing the severity of these step by step until he reached the limit of his endurance, or showed signs of slight injury.

The first to subject themselves to this ordeal were Pratt and Dr. Edward Case, a Cambridge bio-chemist. Dressed in ordinary frogmen's suits they were rowed out to the centre of the lake, and then, clambering awkwardly over the side of their small boat, they disappeared below the surface.

They advanced to within seventy feet of the charge. At that distance the blast lifted them bodily in the water and a violent stinging sensation attacked them in the hands, wrists and neck.

They were brought to the surface and Cowan examined them. Then they went down again and the tests continued, the depth of the charge being varied and the distance between the subject and the charge changed before each explosion.

These preliminary trials gave them something to work on, and after comparing their notes Pratt and his helpers designed three different types of kapok jerkin. At the end of the first week in May the experiments on the bed of the lake began again.

Wearing the protective clothing they now approached much nearer to the demolition charges and at forty feet they were severely buffeted. Case's experience was typical. He felt a terrific blow on the head—"it was like being hit with a cricket bat"—and for a second or two he staggered blindly about, unable to collect his senses. His chest hurt, and he had a raging pain in his ears.

As this close range the stinging sensation which he had experienced before became an acute pain, accompanied by an unpleasant numbness in his hands as if they were turning to ice. To make matters worse the force of the explosion displaced his facepiece, with its breathing tube, and instantly it filled with water.

For a long time after they had been brought ashore Pratt, Case and Guy Boissard, an Australian lieutenant who had asked to be allowed to take part in the experiments, all suffered from splitting headaches. It was therefore decided not to shorten the distance any farther, for it seemed all too likely that they might be stunned, seriously injured, or drowned. But they carried on with the tests, trying each of the different suits in turn.

As many as four times in a day they went down into the icy depths of the lake. The ordeal left them battered and tired, with excruciating aches in the knees, elbows and shoulders. In time the pain spread to smaller joints like the wrists and fingers, and was to persist for several weeks.

THE trials had to go on, for the scientists still needed more data and there was less than a month left. By now, however, the three naval officers realized that if they were to continue the experiments unaided the physical punishment they were absorbing might soon affect their judgment and powers of observation. So a third series of underwater tests was launched with a fresh team of volunteers.

In bitter winds and chill water the hazardous work continued. Often when they were brought to the surface of the lake the battered and semi-conscious men had great difficulty in describing their strange new experiences to the waiting scientists. But they stuck to their task, and all the information which Pratt needed was finally secured.

The protective suit which was produced in time for use on the sea-bed at Cherbourg was triumphantly successful. Wearing it, the "P" Parties, as the frogmen who volunteered for this dangerous mission were officially known, searched over two million square feet of the port.

Much of the time they were in total darkness, and had to fight their way through deep mud, with wreckage of all descriptions littering their path, but they located and destroyed hundreds of mines.

Magnificent as their achievement was, the frogmen owed more than they knew to the self-sacrifice of that small band of scientists and sailors who had ventured into the unknown on the bed of Horsea Lake.

NEXT WEEK: Fighting the waves—by blowing bubbles

"Wizards At War" will be published by Harrap in October as "The Secret War 1939-1945"

YOUR GARDEN
can be a mass of PRIZE BLOOMS!

Add Sangral to water . . use just like watering and see the

AMAZING RESULTS IN TEN DAYS!

Full instructions on every bottle. Used by exhibitors at the great flower shows

SANGRAL
TEN-DAY FERTILISER
2/- Bottle makes 64 GALLONS

SOLD BY SEEDSMEN, IRONMONGERS, DEPARTMENTAL STORES, WOOLWORTH STORES

GET IT TO-DAY

WHAT WOMEN REALLY WANT

Who would suggest that a woman's life hasn't got its own problems, particularly those of her health?

That is why thousands of women are turning to Juno-Junipah. Juno-Junipah is different from ordinary salts. It contains not only valuable mineral salts but also pure oil of Juniper. And it is gentle. It clears away, without any drastic purging, impurities which help to make complexions muddy and to bring on Sick Headaches, Bilious Attacks, Aches in the Back, and Rheumatic troubles like Lumbago and Sciatica.

Just try Juno-Junipah! You'll be surprised how soon you begin to feel better and look better, too. Your aches and pains will be relieved, your complexion and looks will improve and you'll look and feel years younger.

Get some from any chemist today.

If you prefer, the Juno-Junipah formula has been adapted to make pleasant little tablets. Ask your chemist for them.

INDIGESTION PAIN
—can it be stopped in seconds?

INDIGESTION is often caused by excess acid building-up in your stomach over a long period of time. Obviously it is not possible to get split-second relief from the pain. But what you can do—and do very quickly—is to enjoy that wonderful sensation which tells you that the pain is beginning to go.

In fact, from the very first moment that you start sucking a Rennie, the antacid ingredients are carried down to your stomach in your own saliva. They go on working until the excess acid has been completely neutralised, and the pain relieved. That is why Rennies 'suit' the vast majority of indigestion conditions.

The next time you get an attack of indigestion—try Rennies. The pain will begin to go in less time than it took you to read this advertisement. Rennies are on sale everywhere, price 10d. 1/7d. and 2/9d.

RENNIES

More people get relief with Rennies than with any other indigestion tablet

News FOR THE DEAF

Superb hearing aid COMPLETELY HIDDEN WITHIN THE FRAMES OF THESE HANDSOMELY STYLED SPECTACLES

THE **NEW** FORTIPHONE SPECTA-PHONE hides all the traditional signs that you're deaf

We welcome Deferred Payment Terms

Call, 'Phone, Write, OR SEND COUPON NOW

Fortiphone never press you to buy

To Fortiphone, Ltd., Dept. 98, 247 Regent St., 7/7/56 London, W.1 (near Oxford Circus) Reg 2024

Without any obligation whatsoever, please tell me more about the new FORTIPHONE SPECTA-PHONE

Mr. Mrs. Miss_____

Address _____

_____ BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

Storm over London

Continued from page 21

two major plans, the private developers, men who are sinking millions into office blocks in the hope of earning more millions from rents, build on. They, too, have their troubles.

Bucklersbury House, just by Cannon Street Station, is the biggest office block so far under construction in the City. When its first section is completed next year it will have a fourteen-storey "spine" with wings of seven and four storeys. The complete building, ready in 1957, will add another fourteen-storey spine at right-angles to the first.

Owen Campbell Jones is a City architect, son of a City architect. In 1949 he designed Bucklersbury House to the pattern of other buildings he had designed between the wars. The City Corporation approved his plan in principle in February, 1950, but asked for modifications. Campbell Jones prepared further plans, and the

BOOKS—3

Never lend books, for no one ever returns them; the only books I have in my library are books that other people have lent me.

Anatole France

City Corporation and the L.C.C. gave formal approval, with conditions. One condition was that the Royal Fine Art Commission should give an opinion.

Drawings and a model were studied by the commission from July until October, 1951. Then the commission announced that the building was too bulky and that it needed more open space around it. Campbell Jones made a new design. In January, 1952, the commission, while admitting that this design was an improvement, still objected to the project as a whole.

Campbell Jones found himself sandwiched between considerations of finance and aesthetics. He knew that the commission wanted the building to be fined down by reducing the amount of office floor space. His client told him he would be building a white elephant if he did reduce the floor space, as this would make the return in rents uneconomic.

The only solution was to push up the centre of the building to fourteen storeys. The Royal Fine Art Commission appointed a sub-committee of well-known architects to work with Campbell Jones.

In February, 1953, the City Corporation had another look at the revised plans.

The members of the corporation became aware, about this time, that the chairman of Legenland, Aynsley Vernon Bridgland, was having his monumental patience strained. They were also aware that, if his patience snapped, they would be legally compelled by a clause in the War Damage Act to buy the site and develop it themselves. In June they decided that the building was on the right lines. Bridgland made a last attempt to slap a bit more stone on what he thought had become a too naked contemporary design—what Sir Albert Richardson described as "match boxes on end, strip-teased; nothing is left, not even the ear-rings."

Apparently out-voting Sir Albert, who is a member, the Royal Fine Art Commission rejected the clothed version.

With acceptance in sight, there was an outcry in both Houses of Parliament and in letters to *The Times*, because of the building's height of 168 feet. Critics feared that the building would dwarf St. Paul's, which reaches 365 feet.

John Betjeman, the poet and author, a member of the Royal Fine Art Commission, said, "It will be an awful building . . . starting to turn London into a kind of New York with a few museum pieces built by Wren preserved in great chasms." To show there are two ways of saying the same thing, a writer in the *Architect's Journal* said, "City churches can come into their own again as small gems in big settings."

Then Bridgland, a bluff, sixty-three year old Australian who made himself a millionaire from property deals in London in the 1930s, broke his long silence. He pointed out that his building was a quarter of a mile from the cathedral. Some critics became red-faced over this; they had confused Bucklersbury House with the Bank of England block being built close to the cathedral's east wall. Bridgland added that Bucklersbury House was to be built on land that lay twenty feet lower than the base of St. Paul's, so that the highest point of his building would be no more than eight feet higher than the Bank of England block. He also allowed himself a complaint that he had paid £30,000 in architect's fees while the four-and-a-half year dispute had lasted.

Perhaps influenced by these facts, Harold Macmillan, then Minister of Housing, refused to interfere after he had examined all the criticisms.

At the beginning of 1954, men began excavating the site. The subsoil, which originally formed the bed of the River Walbrook, was soggy, and they had to dig deep in order to put in 5,400 concrete piles. Deep down lay a final costly snag.

Thirty feet below ground level a workman found some small Roman remains. Work slowed to a crawl while the workmen, under the direction of archaeological experts, uncovered the foundations of the Temple of Mithras.

The Temple has been placed on a temporary site nearby. When Bucklersbury House is completed it will be brought back and laid out in one of the open spaces that the modern "open plan" design provides.

Modern architects hail Bucklersbury House as a model they hope others will follow. Lord Silkin, a one-time Minister of Town and Country Planning, said in a debate in the House of Lords, "Bucklersbury House will come to be regarded as one of the great achievements of the present age."

On the other hand, Reginald Dummer, a partner in Dron and Wright, estate agents for the building, told an acquaintance a few weeks ago, "We have to put up something that to my mind looks like a factory. I don't like these modern styles."

This summer, cranes outnumber church spires on the London skyline. Bulldozers and mechanical grabs are heaving sites into readiness for new foundations. By 1960, there will be enough new buildings to change the face of the City. It is unlikely that the new face will entirely satisfy anybody. Only one thing is certain: the clash of opinion will continue to make at least as much noise as the bulldozers. THE END

Spot the Lawbreaker

See page 37

THE Children and Young Persons Act, 1933, says that a dealer in old metal who purchases scrap from any person apparently under sixteen commits an offence. And this applies even when the youngster is selling the junk on behalf of an adult, says a barrister-at-law. The dealer is liable to a fine of £5.

THE NEW ACME SINGLE CLAMP WRINGER

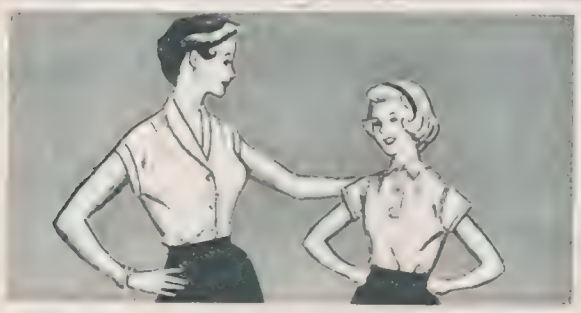
makes the smallest kitchen big enough for a full wash

Sold by all good Ironmongers, Hardwaremen and House Furnishers

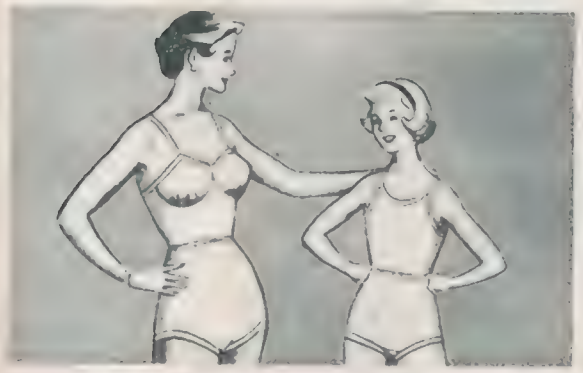
The ACME Single Clamp Wringer fits easily and snugly on a straight-sided sink not more than 2" thick and not less than 16" wide. Now every woman, however tiny her kitchen, has room to do a full wash, knowing she will be completely satisfied—for only Acme wringing makes it certain that clothes will always be clean, crisp and sparkling. And the wringer is so easily put away into any handy cupboard or under the sink, leaving your kitchen beautifully ship-shape, even on your busiest washday!

***However you wash*—you should have ACME wringing**

ACME WRINGERS LIMITED DAVID STREET GLASGOW SE



Under **AERTEX**



they wear **AERTEX** underwear

Aertex on top because it's good-looking. Aertex beneath because it brings air-conditioned comfort next to the skin. Aertex over and under because it's handsome, healthy and inexpensive. Mother's 'Ann' blouse is cotton—primrose, green, sky or white—costs **24/9**; her shell-edged bra top vest (A108) **8/3**, her elastic-waist, ribbed-leg briefs (A107) **5/9**—both in cream or tea rose knitted rayon and cotton. Daughter's shirt, cotton too, in green, sky, buff, or white, costs from **16/3**; vest from **3/9**, elastic-waist knickers from **4/-** in white cotton, cream rayon and cotton, or rayon and wool.

It's smart-
it's healthy-
it's AERTEX

Free illustrated 1956 Catalogue *For your copy send this coupon to Advertising Manager, Aertex, 30, Binney Street, London W1. MAYfair 5701*

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Genuine Aertex bears this label

USUAL SHOPPING CENTRE .....

CP12

The blue toothpaste for whiter teeth!

Sky—wonderful new toothpaste—is blue! "Blue for whiteness!"

Sky means whiter teeth for everyone! And whiter, cleaner teeth are healthier teeth!

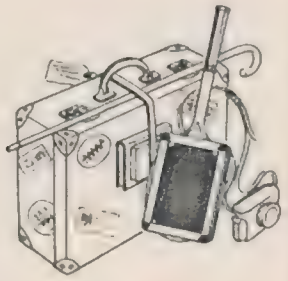
Sky, like all modern toothpastes, comes from careful scientific research. But only Sky gives you radiant whiteness!

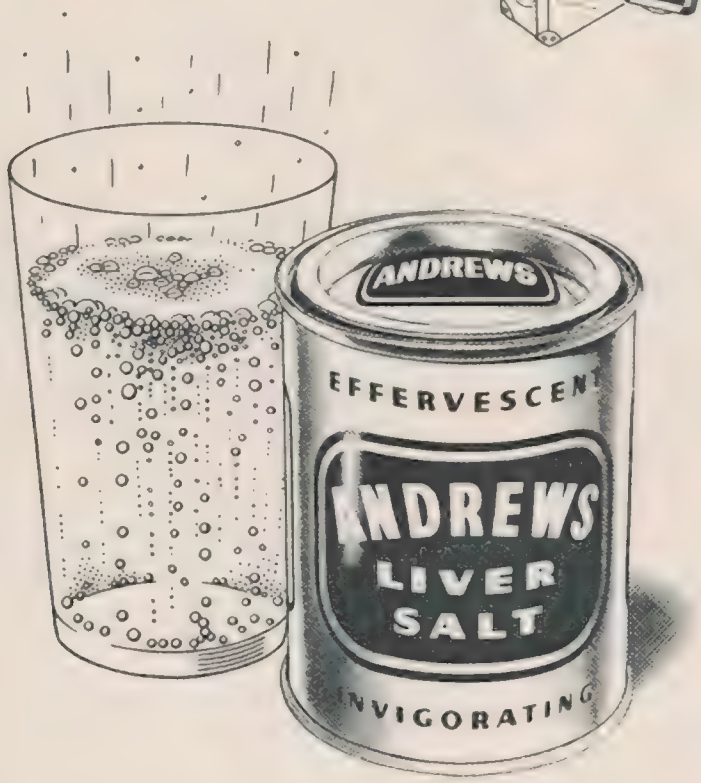
NEWEST TOOTHPASTE

Here for the first time is a toothpaste everyone should use. So put away outdated tooth-cleaning ideas! Turn to Sky—it's in the shops today! Sky for whiter teeth! For healthier teeth!

PSK 6-1306

Make this the best holiday you've ever had





A glass of **Andrews** in the morning makes you feel *Fine!*

Andrews makes holidays happy days.

Sparkling, pleasant-tasting Andrews counteracts holiday upsets — and it's a delightfully cooling and refreshing drink.

Effervescent Andrews refreshes the mouth; helps to clean the tongue; soothes the stomach; tones up the liver and gently clears the system — thus promoting *Inner Cleanliness.*

STANDARD SIZE 1/10d FAMILY SIZE 2/10d

You **need** your

FOX'S *Glacier* **MINTS**

Glucose for energy — Peppermint to aid digestion

THE FINEST PEPPERMINT IN THE WORLD

"Henry is still sulking because I cried off going to Austria this year"

Shadow of the moon

Continued from page 15

been forced back and back until they drowned in the sea. . . ."

There were stories and more stories, but no proof; until one day three men arrived in a village not ten miles from Lunjore City and brought the proof with them in the form of two flounced muslin dresses, a sword and a long tress of silky, blonde hair. The soft muslin of the flounces and the soft gold of the hair were stiffened and patched with the ugly brown stains of dried blood, and there was blood on the blade of the sword that had once belonged to a British officer.

"We found them hiding in a ditch by the roadside," boasted one of the men. "Two mem-sahibs and a sahib, five miles from Delhi. There was a child also, whose crying betrayed them. The sahib was sore wounded, but when Abdullah here ran his *tulwar* through the child he struck at him with this sword.

"But his arm had no strength and I took it from him and slew him with it, and a young woman also. *Arré* how she shrieked! Like a peacock! I caught her by the hair—here is the lock. All the hell-born are dead, and——"

"Not all," said a hard, clear voice behind him, and the gaping villagers drew back hastily.

Alex rode forward, Niaz at his elbow, and looked long and steadily at the three men, and no one spoke. Then he crooked his finger without turning his head and said softly: "*Kotwaljee,* bind me these men."

The headman flinched and hesitated, and suddenly there was a revolver in Alex's hand and another in Niaz's.

"Be swift, my father," said Niaz pleasantly. "Do not keep the *Huzoor* waiting—or hell either, which languishes to receive these three."

There was a stir and a babble among the crowd and Alex raised his voice: "*Chup!* Be still! The first who moves without an order will go quickly to his account. And if it be a woman, then her man will pay in her stead.

"Use thy *puggaree,* oh Kotwail; it will serve if thou canst not find rope. That is better. Mahomed Latif and thou, Guar Chand, bind me these other two."

The three men looked wildly about them, jaws dropped and eyes starting in disbelief. But the village had known Alex for several years, and the habit of obedience, backed by the threat of firearms, was strong. If he had looked away or hesitated they would have broken and run, and guns and knives and *lathis* would have appeared as though by magic, and stones would have been thrown. But he did not look away and his eyes were cold and unpleasant. As unpleasant as Niaz's narrow-lipped grin.

One of the three men turned suddenly and ran, and Niaz fired. The man tripped and fell face downwards in the dust, twitched once and was still.

"That was too good a death for such carrion," said Niaz cheerfully, controlling his horse more by the pressure of his knees than by the reins in his left hand.

When the two remaining murderers dangled at a rope's end, Alex gestured at the third body on the ground. "Hang him beside his friends so that all may see."

They strung up the corpse without a word and Niaz took up the sword and the stained clothing and the lock of yellow hair, tying them swiftly into a bundle and fastening it to his horse's saddle.

Alex surveyed the shivering headman and the silent villagers and said: "If any others come saying all the sahibs are slain, show them these three. And tell any who ask that though every sahib now in Hind were slain, a hundred thousand more—and ten times a hundred thousand—would come from *Belait* to exact vengeance for the slaying of their women and their babes. For the blood of such helpless ones is as

BOOKS—4

Old books, as you well know, are books of the world's youth, and new books are fruits of its age.

O. W. Holmes

Everything in the garden's lovely . . .

thanks to WELGRO!

7 REASONS FOR WELGRO'S SUCCESS

1 The unrivalled Welgro formula—3 major plant foods plus 7 extra minerals ("trace" elements) vital for full natural growth.
2 Quick-acting.
3 Feeds through leaves as well as roots—will not damage foliage.
4 Completely soluble in water.
5 Easy to make up and apply.
6 Economical — contains the maximum amount of concentrated plant food.
7 Equally beneficial for Lawns, Flowers, Vegetables & Fruit.

The reason why Welgro has such an invigorating effect on plants is that, 60 minutes after application ten different nutrients vital for full natural growth, are circulating in the stems and leaves. The effect on the plants is quickly evident—on poor or neglected soils the result of applying Welgro solution can be truly spectacular!

As Welgro supplies ALL the food a plant needs, soil deficiencies are automatically remedied, thus solving the common difficulty of deciding which fertilizer would be best for your particular soil.

WELGRO

THE MIRACLE FERTILIZER

makes plants grow like MAGIC

A leaflet fully explaining why Welgro produces such wonderful results will be gladly sent on request.

Get a trial packet today and test it on your favourite plants—you will be surprised how quickly and how well they respond.

Prices: Popular sizes **2/6** & **5/-**
1½ lb. tin 12/- 3 lb. tin 20/- 6 lb. tin 32/-

Welgro is obtainable from your local seedsman, garden supply shop and through "Boots the Chemists"

GARDEN FERTILIZERS LTD. DEPT. J, 40 CHORLTON ST., MANCHESTER 1

Danger times for COLDS & CHILLS

HEED THESE WARNINGS!

1. *A sudden sneeze* 2. *A tickle in the throat*
3. *Hot-and-cold shivers* 4. *Feverish headache*
5. *Heavy, watery eyes*

YOU NEED THIS UNIQUE PRESCRIPTION

Keep Beecham's Powders handy! After a swim or tennis, or other strenuous exercise, there is the danger of chill, and the next thing is you've caught a cold. So, be wise! With the first danger sign take a Beecham's Powder. This unique prescription, because of its fine powder form, makes for quick assimilation and speedy action. The unique formula of Beecham's Powders soon brings the worst symptoms under control. Keep a supply by you.

Carton of 8 Powders—1/9. 2 Powders for 5½d. Also in tablet form—1/9 per bottle

For SUMMER COLDS FEVERISHNESS RHEUMATIC PAINS HEADACHES & NEURALGIA

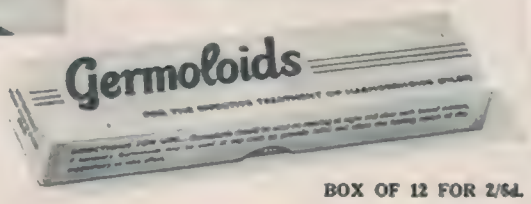
Take **BEECHAM'S POWDERS** *For* QUICK RELIEF!

HÆMORRHOIDS?

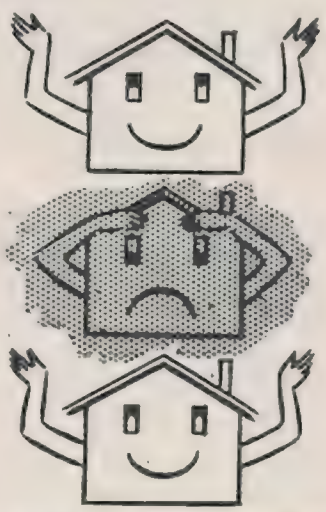
. . not a trace while using Germoloids

Hæmorrhoids more usually known as piles, can be extremely painful. Yet, today, relief is a comparatively easy, straightforward matter; a method used in hospitals and clinics. Ask your chemist for a box of Germoloids—and follow the simple directions. People who have suffered, and suffered severely, have found in Germoloids complete relief—an experience which can seem like the beginning of a new life.

Send postcard to Dept. J.B.60, The Veno Drug Co., St. Helens, Lancs., for free informative booklet giving you the facts about hæmorrhoids, how to treat them, how to prevent them coming back.



BOX OF 12 FOR 2/6d.



EVERY HOME NEEDS

EPIX

HYGIENE— costs only 1/-

It's worth a thrifty shilling! Not just to have a 'piney' fresh home—but to *know* that down where the germs gather EPIX is busily killing off unhealthy bacteria and nasty smells. Buy a bottle today. **Only 1/- for a large bottle.**

EPIX
DISINFECTANT
penetrates DEEP

PARKINSONS LTD., BURNLEY.

R&W

EXPANSION WATCH BRACELETS WITHOUT CENTRE-CLASP

Fixoflex

PAT. No. 677592

for Men and Women

MADE IN ROLLED GOLD OR STAINLESS STEEL THROUGHOUT.

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL JEWELLERS AND WATCHMAKERS.

SPANGLES the modern way to buy sweets 3d.

seed which, falling to the ground, springs up in the likeness of armed men."

He rode on out of the village without a backward look.

"Ho!" said Niaz, putting up a hand to wipe the sweat from his forehead, "I did not think to leave that place alive. It needed but one among them to show his teeth and they would have been at our throats like wolves. Wast thou not afraid?"

Alex gave a short laugh and held out one hand by way of answer. It was shaking uncontrollably.

"Mine also!" said Niaz. "I counted each breath as though it were my last. Is it true then that thy people are hunted through Hind?"

"It is true. But the end is not yet. In the end there will be a vengeance which will be as harsh, or harsher, than the offence; for that is the evil that springs from such killing."

He sent in a brief report of the incident to the commissioner and was sent for to explain himself.

"You had no authority to do such a thing!" fumed the commissioner. "Disgraceful! Supposing it should come to the ears of the authorities that men had been hanged in my district without trial? Why, I might be—upon my word, Randall, you take too much upon yourself. The men should have been brought back here to stand their trial by the processes of the law and——"

"And been turned into heroes and martyrs!" interrupted Alex bluntly. "This is war, sir. What do these people know of western laws, which are not even their own?

"Those men were boasting to the villagers of murdering women and children and a wounded man. They had the evidence in their hands—you've seen it yourself. Do you suppose that if I had brought them back here it would have had a fraction of the effect on the village that seeing immediate justice done to them will have had? They understand justice—not law."

"It will create a bad impression in the district," said the commissioner, with less certainty.

"On the contrary, it will create a very good one." said Alex shortly. He forced his voice to a more conciliatory tone and said: "If you will allow me unfettered action, sir, I can maintain order in the district as long as the regiments in Lunjore remain quiet. At the moment the sepoys are quiet, but if they should revolt it would be a different matter, and I would again urge you most strongly to impress upon their commanding officers the advisability of disarming them while there is still time."

"I shall do no such thing!" snapped the commissioner, his pallid face becoming dangerously empurpled. "What would happen if they did? Why—we'd be left with no defenders and no defence at all. Disarm the sepoys, and we'd be at the mercy of the scum of the city and every villager who could carry a rifle or a *lathi*."

"It is not them whom we have to fear," said Alex, and went out into the furnace glare of the noon day. . . .

That same glare was even now beating down on an open courtyard in the purlieu of the palace of the King of Delhi, where stood a little cistern shaded by a *peepul* tree. There were some fifty dazed and terrified people herded together like sheep in that hot courtyard, of whom all but six were women or children.

They were the last of the Europeans and Christians left alive in Delhi, dragged up from the heat and stench and darkness of the dungeon in which they had spent five days, to be butchered in the harsh sunlight by men who cut and slashed and howled in frenzy until the last scream and the last moan was silenced.

Now, at last, there were no more *Feringhees* in Delhi. Now at last the reluctant, trembling old king and every man, woman and child in the city was committed irretrievably to the path that had been chosen. There could be no drawing back now, for the massacre of the women and children whose mutilated bodies strewed the courtyard had sealed them to their path. This was irrevocable. The die had been cast. . . .

Lottie arrived in Lunjore at last. Lottie and Mr. Dacosta and Mrs. Holly, who had been one of the passengers in the steamship Sirius, which brought Winter out to India, and who nursed Mrs. Abuthnot and her daughters through a bout of seasickness.

Stout, cheerful, sensible Mrs. Holly was considerably less stout and no longer cheerful. Her clothes hung in folds and her round, pleasant face sagged in deep harsh lines; for she had seen her husband's head struck from his body with a single swing of a sharpened *tulwar* in the blazing charnel-house of Durriowgunge, and only the sudden collapse of a burning roof beam had saved her from a similar fate.

Somehow—she could not remember how—she and Mr. Dacosta escaped from the carnage and reached the main guard at the Kashmir Gate, and witnessed the final tragedy there, and escaped over the battlements.

But although her stoutness and her cheerfulness had gone, her placid good sense remained. She took Lottie and Mr. Dacosta under her wing and it was she who had cajoled the driver of the carriage into taking them up, and so brought them at last to Lunjore.

Mr. Dacosta was an olive-skinned, middle-aged Eurasian, a clerk in a government department. He had been wounded by a sword cut and badly burned, but he struggled on valiantly and did not complain. Mrs. Holly bound up his wounds and took charge of him as she had of Lottie.

"You know, ma'am," she explained to Winter, "it was just as well, them being sick. It gave me something to do, and something else to think about than—than the things I saw that day.

"Miss Lottie said you were here when that driver said he was going to Lunjore. She would have it that we come here, and I don't know but she wasn't right. We had no place special to go to, you see. She said you'd invited her for a visit, poor young thing."

"Mrs. Holly," said Winter unhappily, "do you—do you think she will remember?"

"Some day," said Mrs. Holly. "It'll be a pity when she does, for she's better off this way, and that's the truth."

For Lottie was delighted to see Winter, and she had forgotten Delhi. She wondered sometimes, a little hazily, why it was that she should suddenly have decided to come to Lunjore. Something had happened, surely? But then she always meant to visit Winter one day.

And Edward—why had she allowed Edward to send her on a visit just now? She had told him that she would not think of leaving him. Edward must have insisted. It was odd that she could not remember.

Perhaps it was because she was going to have a baby that made thinking an effort? It was easier not to think, for thinking made her frightened.

Yet there was nothing to be afraid of. Nothing. Winter was here. She was only paying a visit to Winter, and soon she would go back to her pretty bungalow in Meerut and be with Edward again. Perhaps he would be able to fetch her?

She must not think. It made her feel ill, and that was bad for the child.

"You must not think of yourself, Lottie. Think of the child. . . ." "You must rest more, Lottie. Think of the child. . . ." "You do not eat enough, Lottie. Think of the child. . . ." Edward and Mamma and Mamma's friends had said such things so often, and they were right. She must think of the child. Edward's child.

"Alex," said Winter desperately, "do you think she will ever remember?"

"One day," said Alex, and added, as Mrs. Holly had done: "She's better off as she is at the moment. When is that baby due?" He frowned at the sight of the sudden colour that burned in Winter's cheeks and said impatiently: "You don't really suppose that hitching a hoop up higher and carrying round a shawl disguises a thing like that, do you?"

Winter had been taught that babies, until they were born, were an unmentionable subject in the presence of gentlemen, but the impatience in Alex's voice made her ashamed of the blush. She said with as much composure as she could muster: "I think she expects it in about two months' time. But Mrs. Holly says one can never be sure with a first child, and that it may not be born until——"

She stopped abruptly. It was one thing to answer a direct question, but one did not—one could not—*discuss* such things with a man.

A corner of Alex's mouth curved in the shadow of a grin and he said: "Don't be missish, Mrs. Barton. It's a perfectly natural function. How soon can you leave?"

"Leave? I can't leave now. Lottie can't go any farther. Not after what she has been through. Dr. O'Dwyer says that she must not be moved. He says that she could not support any further journeyings in this heat, and that he cannot understand why she has not had—a—a—"

"A miscarriage," finished Alex with curt impatience. "Yes, I've heard of those too. Then you will not be leaving either?"

"How could I?"

"No," said Alex bleakly, "you could not. And I think in any case it is too late."

For Alex had talked to Mr. Dacosta—Mrs. Holly avoided questions—and heard the first true account of that last day of the British rule in Delhi. The ease with which Delhi had been captured horrified him; as had the news that, although young Willoughby blew up the magazine in the city rather than allow it to fall into the hands of the rabble, the far larger magazine near the river above Metcalfe's House was apparently not destroyed. That meant that an ample supply of ammunition of every description was by now at the disposal of the mutineers.

"We looked all day for the troops from Meerut," whispered Mr. Dacosta, hoarse with weakness and fever, "but they did not come. If only twenty British troops had appeared before the gates that morning, those men would

Your garden and mine

by PERCY THROWER

I HAD difficulty in keeping my hanging plant basket flowering throughout the summer. This was due to dryness. Now, after lining the inside with moss, I place an old cake tin, about an inch deep, at the bottom before filling it with soil and putting in the plants. The tin holds a certain amount of water, and my basket does not need watering so often.—*J. P. W., Bensham Lane, Thornton Heath, Surrey.*

Several years ago one or two of my rose bushes died leaving ugly gaps in the bed. On those healthy ones near by there were several strong branches. I bent them horizontally so that they were about a foot from the ground, and held them in position with long wire hooks pushed into the soil. The next year young shoots grew all along those branches and were full of flowers.—*G. White, Crofton Road, Orpington, Kent.*

PERCY THROWER says: One problem with a hanging basket is that it is exposed to drying winds and the warm sun as well as to reflected heat from the building. For the basket to be attractive, it can have only a small amount of soil. Only by watering regularly and by feeding with a liquid fertilizer once a week can trailing plants be kept in flower all summer. This tip of holding back a certain amount of the water which would otherwise drain away freely is a useful one.

Some stronger-growing varieties of roses grow long, strong stems. The older variety, Hugh Dickson, was well known for them and the newer Peace also produces them. By pinning down these stems as suggested, the buds along the whole length will grow and produce flowers. At pruning time the following year, these old branches can be cut off and other shoots bent over to take their places.

"And there is the Earl, cleaning the windows of the historic West Wing"

Summer days
are Libby days!

No need to spend warm weather days in the kitchen. Serve Libby's Corned Beef and other Libby's delicious canned meats with salad for lunches, dinners or T.V. suppers. Libby's Corned Beef tastes better because it *is* better as Libby's choose only top quality beef, cooked so that the rich goodness stays.

Don't forget Libby's—
Stewed Steak
Stewed Mutton
Corned Mutton
Ox Tongues
Lamb Tongues
Steak & Kidney Pudding
Luncheon Meat
Vienna Sausage

Libby's

CANNED MEATS

Ready when you are
...keep a tin handy!

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY LTD., FORUM HOUSE, 15 & 16 LIME STREET, LONDON, E.C.3.

What a wonderful range of beautiful colours!

Frigidaire DT-44T, 4.4 cu. ft., 8.1 sq. ft. shelf area, illustrated in Olympic Red.

Comparisons prove—only
FRIGIDAIRE
Regd. Trademark
gives you so much value!

THE SIZE YOU NEED
IN A CHOICE OF COLOURS —
FOR AS LITTLE AS 69 GNS!

ST-43A	*(Standard 4.3 cu. ft.)*	69 gns.
ST-43T	*(Standard 4.3 cu. ft.)*	71 gns.*
MT-44A	*(Master 4.4 cu. ft.)*	73 gns.
MT-44T	*(Master 4.4 cu. ft.)*	75 gns.*
DT-44A	*(De Luxe 4.4 cu. ft.)*	80 gns.
DT-44T	*(De Luxe 4.4 cu. ft.)*	82 gns.*
OMT-81	*(Master 8.1 cu. ft.)*	125 gns.
ODT-79	*(De Luxe 7.9 cu. ft.)*	142 gns.
OMT-100	*(Master 10 cu. ft.)*	166 gns.
ODT-98	*(De Luxe 9.8 cu. ft.)*	182 gns.

**These models are supplied with an exclusive Frigidaire lifetime acid-resistant porcelain-on-steel work table-top.*

Prices include purchase tax and installation. See your Frigidaire Dealer, nearest large Store or Electricity Board Service Centre. Generous H.P. Terms available.

Free Write today (address below) for full-colour booklet describing the full range of new Frigidaire models:

No other refrigerator can offer you all these advantages!

Big enough inside!
Over 4½ cu. ft. storage space—nothing smaller is big enough. Holds *all* the food you must keep fresh.

Small enough for your kitchen!
You save space with a Frigidaire. Only 2 ft. square x 3 ft. high and yet has over 8 sq. ft. of shelf area. There's the table-top too!

Less than a pennyworth of power a day!
Tests show that the exclusive "Meter-Miser" power unit uses less than half as much as an "absorption-type" refrigerator — cuts your current costs to under one unit per day!

Exclusive Frigidaire colour choice!
Cotswold Cream, Snowy White, Sherwood Green, Olympic Red, Everest Blue or Stratford Yellow—have your Frigidaire in the colour you *like!*

Extra-convenient Door Shelves!
Keep eggs fresh, bottles cool and within easy reach. You don't have to stretch for them—but they s-t-r-e-t-c-h out your storage space!

Cocktail-size Ice Cubelets!
Another Frigidaire exclusive: Ice Tray makes 36 cocktail-size cubelets—has quick-release handle for instant removal.

Exclusive Frigidaire Hydrator!
Lifetime acid-resistant porcelain-on-steel Frigidaire Hydrators provide crisp, cool, moist storage for salads, vegetables and fruit!

Handy Butter Compartment—holds 2 lb.!
Keeps butter creamery-fresh, has full-size plastic serving tray for even *more* convenience!

Restful pastel coloured interior!
Easy on the eye and easy to clean Frigidaire lifetime acid-resistant porcelain-on-steel!

Proved in service by millions of people!
Yes, over 20 million Frigidaires have been built and sold!

Compare them all—you'll have Frigidaire

Made in Britain by FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS LIMITED.
Dept. J.B.4, Stag Lane, Kingsbury, London, N.W.9. Tel: COLindale 6541.

have run away. They were very fearful. Oh yes, they feared pursuit.

"It is all lost—all lost. My whole family—Mamma-*jee* and Clara and the *butchas*. Twelve we had, though five died when they were only small.

"I was in the office, Mister Randall, and when I heard that there was some *juggra* in the city, I did not believe that it could be very bad. I laughed and said, 'Nonsense. It is nothing,' and I stayed at my desk.

"That is right, is it not, Mister Randall? One must stay by the work and set an example when others are fearful. We cannot run away and leave the work. But if I had run then, I might have saved them. No, no—that is not true. But I would have died with them.

"My poor Clara! She was very jolly always. Always laughing and joking. Later—later I ran back through the streets and searched my house and saw—and saw—Mister Randall, they were all dead. Even Chiri, the little one. She was two, you know. Her they had—no, it is not good to have seen what I have seen and still live. It is not right."

Two days later he died, and Mrs. Holly, who had been unable to weep for her Alfred, wept for frail, middle-aged, sallow-skinned Mr. Dacosta, who had conceived it his duty to stay at his work and set an example of courage.

Almost every night now there were mysterious fires in the cantonments, and though extra guards patrolled the area, they never made any arrests. The police lines burned down one night, and the following night the bungalow of Lieutenant Dewar, whose wife and young family were saved only with difficulty. They were sleeping on the roof on account of the heat, and the fire, which broke out in the living-room, took firm hold before they were aroused.

It was difficult to allay panic among the families of officers, whose bungalows near the lines were surrounded by large gardens where trees and shrubs provided cover for lurking incendiarists. Few women slept at night, and those with children lay awake, starting in terror at every night noise—at each rustle of a dry leaf or slither of a lizard on the wall; at each creak of the furniture in the silent rooms or click of a bamboo cane in the shadowy gardens.

Only the children showed no signs of strain. They grew pallid from the heat and the enforced inactivity in shuttered rooms during the daytime, but they had always been favourites with the servants in the bungalows and the sepoys in the lines. The children loved them, trusted them, spoke their language with far more fluency than their mother tongue, bullied them and ran to them with their woes.

The Indians—any Indians—were their friends and allies and playmates. They would no more have conceived of receiving harm at their hands than at the hands of their own parents. Less, for parents could be stern at times and administer punishment and rebuke; but Mali-*jee* and Ayah-*jee*; the Dhobi, the Darzi, the sweetmeat seller and old Khundoo the Chowkidar—never! From these and a hundred more the children had never received anything but kindness and petting.

But their mothers grew thin-faced with fear and their fathers walked with neck and shoulder muscles taut with strained alertness.

The three commanding officers still refused even to consider disarming their men, although now, when it was too late, they would have sent the women away—and dared not do so, for each day new reports of disaffection and murder came in. Lunjore was still quiet, with the tensed, twitching quietness of a cat at a mousehole. But it was not so with the districts that surrounded it.

"They are safer here," said Colonel Gardener-Smith, whom the past ten days appeared to have aged by as many years. And even those who had previously made arrangements to send their families to the hills, cancelled them.

The commissioner retreated to the brandy bottle and viewed life now through a perpetual alcoholic haze. The whole situation was beyond him. He took no interest in the information that the sepoys of Colonel Packer's regiment refused to accept their consignment of commissariat flour, saying that it was known to be adulterated with bone dust for the purpose of destroying their caste.

Colonel Packer and his officers expostulated, lectured and finally pleaded, but the men remained obdurate. They would not touch the flour, and moreover they insisted that it must be thrown into the river to ensure that it was not returned to them again or handed to any of their comrades in the other regiments. The flour was duly taken away and thrown into the distant river.

"Thank God it wasn't Moulson's lot," said Alex to Major Maynard. "He'd have ordered 'em to eat it—and then there would have been real trouble."

The sepoys, having won their point, became noticeably insolent and out of hand, and many from all three regiments that same evening openly looted the ripe fruit from the gardens of the cantonment bungalows. Their officers soon succeeded in putting a stop to it, but it was plain that discipline was deteriorating rapidly.

"They are a little out of hand," admitted Colonel Gardener-Smith reluctantly, "but that is understandable in the exceptional circumstances. We are all only human. It is nothing serious. Though Packer's regiment is not behaving at all well—I begin to fear we may have a little trouble with them. Nothing, of course, that my own men will not be able to set to rights."

"Old Gardener's sepoys are all to pieces," said Colonel Packer. "Don't like the look of it. Thank God my men have never given me any serious cause for anxiety. I have assured them that for the present we will discontinue the supplies of government flour and obtain it locally, and they are quite content."

"Wouldn't trust Packer's fellows a yard," said Colonel Moulson. "Or old Nannie Gardener's either for that matter! No discipline; that's their trouble. Now my lot. . . ."

That night, Major Wilkinson, who had dined at the Residency and returned drunk to his bungalow, fired at and wounded one of a patrol who challenged him. There was an inquiry held on the following day and Major Wilkinson was acquitted of any intent to wound on a plea of being unconscious from intoxication at the time.

"Damned fools!" said Alex wearily. "They should have cashiered him—sent him off to be court-martialled at Suthragunj—anything but this. To acquit him of wounding a sepoy at a time like this, and on a plea of drunkenness—are they mad? If it had been the other way round they'd have given the sepoy ten years' penal servitude, or hung him. If this doesn't start something, I'm a bigger fool than Packer. . . ."

There was a ball to celebrate the Queen's birthday on the Monday of the new week. Victoria's birthday fell on a Sunday that year, so the ball was held on the day following it. It was the end, too of the Fast of Ramadhan and there was a new, slim, sickle moon in the sky. It hung in the green of the evening, a curved thread of silver, like the crescent of Islam embroidered on the green banners of the Faithful; like an omen in the sky.

"*La All-ah ha. Il All-ah ho!*" cried the muezzins from the minarets of the mosques in the city. "There is no God but God!"

The band of the 1st Regiment of Lunjore Irregulars stood smartly to attention, their dark faces creased with concentration, and watched the conductor's baton fall. "*God Save our Gracious Queen, Long live our Noble Queen. . . .*" The familiar tune, the national anthem of an alien race, blared out through the open windows across the dark parade ground and the sepoy lines.

"*Send her victorious, happy and glorious. . . .*"

Winter danced at the Queen's Birthday Ball in a wide-skirted ballgown of water-green tarlatan. She smiled as she danced—the same smile that was on the face of every woman who danced in that flag and flower decorated room, or sat against the walls listening to the sepoy band playing the "Imogene Waltz," the "Sultan's Polka," the "Laurel," "Angelina," "Bell of the Village" and "Lily of the Valley." A smile that did not reach the eyes and that hurt the heart.

Alex, too, attended the ball, and there was nothing in his face to show that he had spent the greater part of the afternoon arguing, urging, pleading fruitlessly and for the last time with three courageous, obdurate men for the disarming of the sepoys.

"It can be done," urged Alex. "There are enough of us to do it, and this ball will provide the opportunity. No one will expect anything on the night of a ball."

He outlined a plan; rash, but possible; and the verdict was unanimously against it.

"Until we have actual evidence of mutinous intentions," said Colonel Gardener-Smith, "no sepoy of mine shall be so insulted."

"But surely their behaviour during the last few days is sufficient evidence that they are in a—in an unsettled state of mind?"

"Unsettled, perhaps. But not mutinous. And we cannot go by that. The place is rife with unsettling rumours and the men are not automatons. But on the whole they are standing up to it very well. Very well indeed. And until there is indisputable proof of an intent to mutiny——"

"I have yet to learn," said Alex shortly, abandoning diplomacy and brusquely interrupting that familiar speech, "that cure is preferable to prevention. And this Wilkinson affair may well prove to be in the nature of a last straw."

They were not to be persuaded. They did, however, decide on taking one precautionary measure, for the sake of the ladies, whose nerves were beginning to suffer from the strain.

It was the custom among the European families in Lunjore to drive out in the early mornings to get what little fresh air they could before the sun rose and the heat forced them into the dimness of shuttered rooms. Word was conveyed to the families that on the morning following the ball the women and children were to drive to the Residency, taking with them such clothing and necessities as they would need for a stay of a few days.

LUNJORE Residency was sufficiently large to shelter them all without too much discomfort, and a party of military police were to be posted in the grounds as extra protection. Four guns, under the charge of native gunners of Colonel Moulson's regiment, were to be placed in between the Residency and the lines, and another two between the Residency and the city.

"The Residency is admirably situated for defence," said Colonel Gardener-Smith. "With that *nullah* and the jungle behind it, and a wall round the rest of it, nothing could be better."

"I agree," said Alex, "provided one was defending it against a rabble from the city. But if the sepoys should mutiny it will turn into a trap."

"My sepoys will not mutiny," said Colonel Gardener-Smith obstinately. "I will stake my life on that."

Alex said nothing more. He was tired of vain repetitions. What was the good of saying anything else?

Had the woman—Ameera?—spoken the truth? Was there a day set and had the Meerut rising been premature? It had been remarkably successful, and had touched off a series of localized risings. Were those, too, a mistake?

They have set the auspicious day. . . .

Late that evening, Winter danced with Alex. They danced in silence, amid a swirl of colour and noise. Alex guided Winter round the glittering room with mechanical skill, but he seemed scarcely to be aware of her.

She looked up at him. "You are preoccupied, Captain Randall."

He neither smiled nor apologized. Instead he said curtly: "I think I have reason to be."

"You are still convinced that we are all in great danger?"

"I am certain of it."

They drew near to the dais on which the band was playing. The music swelled. The dance seemed suddenly to become faster, almost feverishly gay.

Two days to go, thought Alex. . . .

But there were no more days. Only hours. . . .

To be continued next week

"What on earth can we eat? I'm tired of all the things you can pronounce"

BOOKS—5

If good books did good, the world would have been converted long ago.

George Moore

The man who always won

Continued from page 27

of this kind, he could make his mind a blank. But this time he could not banish the thoughts and images that came pouring into his head.

Audrey's face—had it been mask-like when John won the third set? Had her locked hands joined in the wild applause? He didn't know. He had been careful not to look at her again. Did she realize that he could have cut her brother down in three straight sets? Would she be pleased if she knew why he hadn't? Would she be still more pleased if, in the remainder of the match, he. . . .

The knock on the door startled him—surely the rain hadn't stopped already? He sat up, swinging his feet to the floor, walked over, opened the door. Audrey was standing there.

He stared at her. She said: "I made them let me in. I've got to talk to you, Dwight."

He stepped back a pace. She came inside, closed the door, leaned against it. Her face was pale; her grey eyes looked enormous. She said: "You gave John that last set, didn't you?"

He did not answer. He folded his arms and looked down at her.

"You did it beautifully," she said. "Nobody in the gallery even suspected. But I know—and I think John knew. I could tell by the way he looked when he came off the court." She bit her lip. "I had to speak to you, Dwight. I was afraid. . . ."

He said: "Afraid of what?"

"Afraid that you might go on losing deliberately. Afraid that you might let John win the whole match."

He said harshly: "That's what you want, isn't it?"

She came close to him. "Part of me wants him to win. I can't deny that. But not that kind of victory. Because it isn't victory at all. It's . . . the worst kind of humiliation."

"But last night you said——"

"I was wrong. Can't you understand why I've come here? To tell you that you're right, that you've always been right. You tried to make me understand once that winning wasn't important, but trying to win was."

"I've been brought up to believe that myself. But I couldn't take it from you. You were so sure you were going to win. So *smugly* confident, it seemed to me. But if you don't play as hard as you can, you're being dishonest. You're cheating John of a real victory, turning the game into a fraud."

She put her hand on his arm. "Please Dwight. . . ."

He felt a little glow of warmth expand inside of him. "You mean," he said slowly, "you want me to win?"

"I don't know," she said. "I don't know. But I want you to play your best. Your very best. Anything less is unfair to John, to you and to me."

The door handle rattled suddenly. Through the thin panels came a cheerful voice. "Rain's stopped. Sun's come out. Be ready for play in one minute, sir."

Casey tossed his old bathrobe on to the couch. He looked into Audrey's eyes. "Thanks for coming," he said. "I'll play as hard as I know how."

From the moment he stepped back on the court, smelling the freshness after the rain, he knew he was in for a battle. Burleigh moved in, took Casey's first service on the rise, banged it back into the far corner for a perfect placement. The crowd roared. On the second point, the Englishman's return hit the net-cord, hesitated, trickled over. Love—thirty.

Casey won the next point after a brilliant rally, but the edge was off his game. That third set, with its deliberate violations of all his instincts, was having its effect. Burleigh won the fourth and fifth points with volleys so sharply angled that they almost paralleled the net. The crowd's thunderous clapping signified its approval and delight.

Having broken through Casey's service, Burleigh then won his own, covering the court like a leaping flame. Aware as he was of the decline in his own game, Casey marvelled at the improvement in the Englishman's. Something had galvanized Burleigh; he was playing above his own head.

That could happen, Casey well knew, in a game as emotional and temperamental as tennis. For any reason—or sometimes for no reason—a good player could rise to heights of brilliance that made him momentarily invincible. But such spurts of genius seldom lasted long. Even if he lost this fourth set, Casey had little fear of the ultimate outcome.

Holding his own service, Burleigh won the fourth set, six to four. The crowd was beside itself with excitement and delight.

Casey walked through waves of applause to the foot of the umpire's stand. Burleigh was pouring a cup of water on the back of his neck. Casey tossed him a towel, and their glances met. The Englishman's was cold and hostile. . . .

They still talk about that fifth set, wherever tennis lovers get together. The ones who were there try to make you see it all, just as it was, the lengthening shadows creeping across the turf, the rallies so long and fierce that the suspense became something you could almost taste, the flashing strokes that ended those rallies.

Games followed service until the score stood at five-all. Then Casey thought he sensed a weakening in Burleigh's assault.

It was what he had been waiting for. Anger had driven the Englishman to the heights he had attained, humiliation at being toyed with, condescended to, given a set he hadn't honestly won. Justifiable emotions, all of them, but not the sort that could sustain a player like John Burleigh for long. He was too open-hearted, too generous a man: he could not hold a grudge.

Casey knew that, and was counting on it, and was ready for it. The moment when anger receded and fatigue took its place—that was the critical instant. Pressing his attack he stormed through his own service without the loss of a point. Six to five. A long sigh came from the crowd.

They changed courts. Burleigh was tiring visibly. His service was losing its sting. Casey moved up inside the baseline, took it on the rise, drilled it deep into the backhand corner, followed it up like a greyhound. The Englishman's return was short and Casey put it away. Love—fifteen.

They fought for the second point in a long, savage rally that seemed endless. Twenty times the ball whipped across the net until suddenly, racing for one of Casey's cross-court drives, Burleigh blocked the ball back, then stumbled and fell. A startled sound went up from the crowd as the Englishman sprawled on the turf.

For half a second Casey hesitated: the court was wide open. Then he floated back a gentle lob that gave Burleigh time to scramble to his feet.

The crowd clapped its approval of the gesture, but Burleigh would have none of it. Deliberately, he banged the ball into the net. But for the first time he smiled at Casey. Love—thirty.

Two points now separated Casey from victory. The fall, he knew, had shaken Burleigh, and drained away his dwindling stock of vitality. It was the logical place to apply the pressure, and Casey applied it. But Burleigh did not crack. He drew Casey up to the net and tossed a perfect lob over his head. He won the fourth point with an unbelievable drop shot that grazed the net as it floated over and died. He took the fifth point with a sizzling ace that Casey netted, and the game with a backhand passing shot that was only a blur in the gathering dusk.

THE crowd was suddenly silent. Tensely it watched a man, drained and exhausted, draw on superhuman reserves of skill and energy and fortitude. Fighting like a tiger, playing the best tennis of his life, Casey knew that it was not good enough. Burleigh had gone beyond himself into a realm of endeavour and achievement to which there could be no effective answer.

The last point of all was incredible. Casey drove deep and rushed the net. Burleigh's attempt at a lob was short. Up into the air went Casey. His racket flashed. The ball streaked into the far corner in what should have been a perfect kill. But there was Burleigh, racing wide, running with uncanny anticipation far to his right, far out of the court.

Back came the ball like a bullet, so widely angled that it passed outside the post supporting the net. But the chalk-dust flew at the junction of baseline and sideline. The spectators exploded into a frenzy of applause. It was all over.

Burleigh came vaulting over the net, fair hair flying. His grip was like iron. "That was a close thing. Best game I've ever had. Thanks."

Then a thick knot of people had surrounded them. Casey felt his hand wrung by a fierce old gentleman. "Hard luck, Mr. Casey. You were magnificent sir. Finest player I've seen, and I've seen 'em all. Our chap was just inspired today. Inspired."

And suddenly Audrey was there, her eyes glistening suspiciously. "Oh, Dwight," she said. "I wanted you to win. I prayed so hard. I——"

"It's all right," he told her. "It's all right."

Across the court he saw John Burleigh's wave of acknowledgment before he was lost in an enthusiastic crowd.

"It's the great moment for John," Audrey whispered. "His greatest ever, I think."

Casey put his arm around her. "Mine, too," he said. THE END

OPEN TO VIEW

by JAMES LEES-MILNE

Drawn by ROWLAND HILDER

The Hell Fire Club met at West Wycombe Park to invoke the Devil . . . and a baboon appeared

IN 1745 Sir Francis Dashwood, the second Baronet, of West Wycombe Park in Buckinghamshire, founded the society that is often referred to today as the Hell Fire Club. Dashwood preferred to call it a fraternity. The "Brothers," who were known as the "Monks of Medmenham" or the "Knights of St. Francis of Wycombe," met together for ceremonies which were probably harmless enough, although rather blasphemous.

In 1762 Sir Francis was made Chancellor of the Exchequer for a few months, and political differences arose in the fraternity.

One evening a false brother, the notorious radical John Wilkes, attended a ceremony intended to invoke the Devil, probably held in the caves under the hill at West Wycombe. While Lord Sandwich was in the act of addressing his Satanic Majesty, Wilkes let loose a baboon which he had brought with him concealed in a box. This prank completely unnerved the prior and brothers, who broke up in consternation. It marked the end of the fraternity.

When Sir Francis Dashwood succeeded to his father's baronetcy and estates in 1724 he was not quite sixteen. Within a few years he set out upon a European grand tour. On the Continent he earned widespread renown for his practical jokes. At St. Petersburg he "dressed like" Charles XII of Sweden and dared make love to the Tsarina Anne.

In spite of his pronounced animal spirits, Dashwood was a serious lover of the arts and of all beautiful things, as is proved by his creation of West Wycombe house and its grounds, now owned by the National Trust. With its artificial lake and temples, the estate ranks among the finest essays in eighteenth - century landscape gardening.

Sir Francis's love of ceremonial and his sense of fun never deserted him. When he was over sixty he opened West Wycombe to the public. To everyone's delight he dressed as a high priest and headed a procession of Bacchanals, pans, fauns and satyrs clad in skins and wreathed in vine leaves. Under the west portico paeans were sung before a statue. Then on a boat on the lake libations were freely drunk to the accompaniment of music and the discharge of cannon and fireworks.

How to get there: West Wycombe (W.R.) is two miles west of High Wycombe (frequent buses). *Open:* July 7 to 31, weekdays only, 2.15 till 6. Every day in August, 2.15 till 6.

WIN £1,250 CASH

and £70 TV or FRIDGE for a "Bullet"!

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. MacGlashan (Luton) enjoying their *Bullets* TV: below, Mr. and Mrs. F. Milnes (Sheffield) with their *Bullets* Refrigerator

HUNDREDS of readers have won big *Bullets* cheques, TV sets and Refrigerators. But nobody has *ever* won £1,250 cash for a *Bullet plus* the choice between two such splendid £70 presentations.

The first *Bullets* entrant to do so can be *you*—and your coupon below can bring this gigantic reward for two, three or four words. Post it by Monday, July 16.

★ ★ ★

Most meritorious of the £300 First Prize "Bullets" in Contests 2,045, 2,046, 2,047 and 2,048 wins £1,250 cash—the First Prize cheque plus Tournament Award.

1,569 OTHER PRIZES: £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 3 of £5, 10 of £2 10s.

50 Special Prizes each value 10s.,

1,500 "GOOD SHOT" AWARDS

£70 TV or REFRIGERATOR BONUS—*see details below*

Chief Winners "Bullets" No. 2,042

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Test Match Weekend: J. S. Wood, 16 Villiers Drive, Arbourthorne, Sheffield:

On The Honeymoon Train To Blackpool—Into *Unknown*!

£50: Mrs. D. Dowling, 4 Church Cottages, Easton-in-Gordano, Bristol: AT THE END OF THE ROAD—ALTHOUGH A *Striding* SIXTY-FIVE!

£25: C. M. Holmes, "Winmark," Fernsplatt, Bissoe, Truro: MAN IN A LABORATORY—MASKED, GOGGLED—FRIGHTENING *Humanity*!

OTHER AWARDS: £10: F. Stephens, 134 Foxglove Crescent, Sth. Ockendon, Romford: IN A DANGEROUS STRAIT—THROUGH "MISTAKEN LATITUDE," TEENAGER? £9: Miss W. Booth, 51 Erlanger Road, London, S.E.14: THE AUTOMATION TO BLAME—FOR "CHEAP" *Men*, SOON? £8: W. Staniforth, 28 Cleworth Street, Hulme, Manchester: ALL I HAD LEFT—PRAYER—NOW ALL'S RETURNED! £7: T. F. Joenn, 40 Milton Road, Newport, Mon: POOR JOHN—BELLY-ACHING? FRITZ'S *Back* ACHING! £6: W. O. Powell, 66 George Street, Cwmcarn, Cross Keys, Mon: MAN IN A LABORATORY—BANG ON—BANG! *Gone!* £5: A. W. Burr, Springhill, Longworth, Abingdon: MAN IN A LABORATORY—*Plus* TECHNICIAN—*Prosperity's* "FORMULA." £5: Mrs. J. Hall, 72 Wrotham Road, Gravesend: ALL WE HAD LEFT—FOR FOREMAN'S WREATH—*Empties*!

For ten winners of £2 10s., see *"Bullets" Bulletin*. 50 Special Awards and 2,000 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

THIS WAY TO £1,250

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

John's Holiday	To Brighten The Seaside
Up The Economic Hill	Trader Fritz
Harness The Atom And	Shock For Lord Turnstyle
In The War Of Brains	Those Vegetables
Ronald The Robot	It's Effie's Birthday, So
Coldly, Relentlessly	Panic On The Pier
On A Goodwill Mission	Sharing The Profits
Upset The Lion	When The Job's Done
The Sales Barometer	Couldn't Care Less
Dying Today	To Help The Old

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

Made The .....Squirm	That Tumbledown .....
.....For The Government	Not The .....He Was
Crop Of.....	Set The .....Alight

EXAMPLE 6d.

BULLET

EX. 6d.

B.

EX. 6d.

B.

EX. 6d.

B.

EX. 6d.

B.

TV or FRIDGE Choice of £70 Extra Presentation to highest prize-winner whose successful effort was one of five or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

2,047 CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, JULY 16

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. Value..... No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

838

GET YOUR BULLETIN

STICK 2½d. STAMP here for the new FOUR-in-ONE *Bulletin* dated July 21

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated August 11), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, July 28, for early news of No. 2,047 result.)

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 2,047, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Mothers! You mustn't miss this helpful

HAPPY HOLIDAY NUMBER

116 pages—packed with bright ideas and offers for family-holiday planners!

- 5 PATTERN OFFERS: easy-to-sew play-clothes and summer dresses for all ages.
- TRAVELLING WITH BABY: true story of a mother who travels all the year.
- THE QUARRELLING QUESTION: how to keep very young holidaymakers from spoiling their own fun—and yours!

Summer Knitting . 4 Complete Stories . Holiday Snapshot Competition . Exclusive article: "Babies Welcome!"

GET YOUR COPY TODAY!

MOTHER

The Magazine of Happy Marriage

NOW ON SALE—1/-

Indigestion Vanishes

Another sufferer swears by 'Bismag':

"I used to suffer agonies with indigestion. It was just as if I'd eaten red-hot knives. A friend recommended 'Bismag' . . . I bought a bottle and it certainly did the trick. Now I swear by 'Bismag'—a couple of tablets and it's goodbye to indigestion."

(signed) R. C., Hitchin.

'Bismag' contains some of the quickest-acting ingredients known for neutralising stomach acid—that is why millions of sufferers all over the world, in 45 different countries, depend on this scientifically balanced antacid prescription in cases of indigestion, flatulence, heartburn and pain after meals. For quicker, surer relief ask your chemist for 'Bismag' (short for 'Bisurated' Magnesia).'

Even YOUR child needs protection
AGAINST HEAD PESTS
YOUR DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU
that even the cleanest child can unwittingly pick up head-lice. Fortunately SULEO is a safe, easily applied remedy; pleasant and undetectable. When these "unwelcome strangers" appear, *all* in the family should use SULEO as a precaution.
SULEO
hair emulsion
2/- sufficient for six treatments
FROM ALL CHEMISTS
or write for information leaflet to
DEPT JBI, JEYES' LABORATORIES LTD
MILLBROOK • CHIGWELL • ESSEX

VARICOSE VEINS!

The NEW Scholl Soft-Grip

ELASTIC YARN SURGICAL HOSIERY

The greatest advance in elastic stockings for years. More effective support with lightness of texture and a new standard of comfort and relief. Ask for Scholl Soft-Grip.

SOFT-GRIP RIBBED ELASTIC TOP
Gives correct support right to edge of stocking without constriction.

DOUBLE EXPANSION MESH
Soft, strong, cool, light, ventilated.

NEAR INVISIBLE
No seam or ridge. Can be worn under nylons.

SMOOTH FIT
New super-extensible fabric gives perfect control throughout whole length of stocking. Fits smoothly over ankle and behind knee.

SOFT-GRIP AT INSTEP
No ridge to cause discomfort where stocking ends.

Made in two styles:—
Thigh Stockings *(worn with suspenders) and* ***Below-Knee*** *Stockings*

From Chemists & Surgical Suppliers & Scholl Branches

Scholl
SURGICAL HOSIERY

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered for transmission to Canada (including Newfoundland). Postage on this copy: Inland, 3d.; Abroad, 2d.; Canada, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 4d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorized cover, by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

What we like about holiday time is *Wall's!*

Hurrah for the holidays! It's wonderful to be at home together with many happy days to look forward to, having lots of fun and lots of delicious Wall's ice cream. Wall's is always such a joy to eat . . . any time . . . any place. So give your family a treat by taking some Wall's home for them today.

LOTS OF LOVELY VARIETIES

to delight your family

Family Bricks 1/6d. and Tubs 6d. Popular Brick (Vanilla) 1/-

TAKE HOME SOME *Wall's* – FOR THE JOY IT GIVES!

T. WALL & SONS LTD., LONDON ; GODLEY, CHESHIRE ; EDINBURGH

ICE 435-00